

THE WAR CRY.



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

23rd Year. No. 20.

WILLIAM BOOTH
General.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 16, 1907.

THOMAS B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.

AN AVENGER AVERTED: An Extraordinary Story of Real Life and Remarkable Justification of Salvation Army Open-Air Work.

(See page 3.)



Centre Picture: "He stood by the bedside of his dead sister and vowed terrible vengeance on the one who had blasted her life."

Picked from the Army Press.

These are Splendid Stories Replete with Human Interest and Pathos.

JACK BURN'S MISTAKE.

Amazing Story of Mistaken Identity.

Jack Burns came to St. Paul for a few days, and put up at the Salvation Army Workingmen's Home. No doubt he intended to remain sober and hunt up a job, as he was a working-man, but his intentions were not lived up to. Sunday he got drunk—the lid has not been put on in St. Paul—and in the evening, on entering a building which he supposed was the Army's Hotel, he demanded a room. He was denied, but drink so controlled him that he would not take "No" for an answer, and insisted on entering the apartments of a private family. The man of the house immediately proceeded to throw Mr. Burns downstairs. On landing at the bottom he struck a post, breaking the top off it. Feeling he had been unjustly treated, he repaired to the Central Police Station and demanded the arrest of the—as he supposed—Army officers who, he said, had thrown him out. Instead, however, he was locked up, charged with being drunk. Monday morning, when taken into court for trial, the judge, seeing he was sick, remanded him to the County Jail, from which institution he was taken to the County Hospital, Monday evening. The next night the doctors in charge of the hospital told him he could not live, as he was suffering from peritonitis brought on by a rupture, caused by a blow in the abdomen. In his anti-mortem statement, made in the presence of the County Attorney and several witnesses, he said he was kicked by two Salvation Army officers. The police immediately got busy, and owing to the fact that in their investigation they learned that some two weeks before a man had been put out of our hall by Lieut. Swanson and Envoy Hall, they put these officers under arrest and sent them to jail. The officers were told that three different persons had viewed the remains of the deceased, and were willing to take oath that the deceased was not the person who was put out of the hall.

The boys were kept in jail until the coroner's inquest, after which they

were released. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of accidental death.

The newspapers of St. Paul, with more or less display, wrote up the arrest of our officers, but were willing to not only listen to what we had to say, but to print our denial, and at the conclusion of the coroner's inquest gave prominence to the fact that the suspicion that Burns was roughly handled by the Army officers was without the slightest foundation, but that "he stayed at the Army Home Saturday night and was so pleased with his surroundings that he sought to return, but lost his bearings, and went instead to his death."

"The way to hell," says an old adage, "is paved with good intentions," and the devil is always on hand, with arguments galore, to induce men to cast aside, for the time at least, their intentions and just take one more whirl at his game. "Just one more drink," was probably the argument with which he induced poor Jack Burns to play the last hand in the game of life, and lose it! May God help the reader to beware of such a fate!—American War Cry.

STORY OF A CHANGED VILLAGE.

Revolution in Rural Jam Factory.

The story of the Tiptree revolution, when it comes to be written, will read more like some old-time romance than a sober record of Essex rural life in the twentieth century.

After years of work amongst the villagers in Tiptree, the minister attached to one of the chapels, discussing the apparently hopeless outlook with one of his congregation, determined to invite the Salvation Army to open fire in the village. After a time Headquarters decided to accept the invitation, and two lassie-officers were accordingly sent to see what they could do.

After a fortnight, although the congregations were good, yet the results at the penitent form were far from encouraging, and, to crown all, the Captain's health failed, and she was compelled to take a prolonged rest.

to us, and how can we be other than reverent? This probably was the reason why Dr. Dale would not have his prayers reported. They were not for men, they were for God. Prayer is the most solemn act of life.

2. "The habit of prayer" is the saving art of life. Prayer is an act, but it should become habitual. The soul needs nourishment daily. Even as the body needs meal-times, so the soul needs its hunger to be appeased. Then the soul needs steadyng. In the midst of the world we get distracted. We lose our balance. Life gets out of focus. The habit of prayer brings calmness. We find ourselves again. We regain the perspective.

It is well to have regular times for prayer, and stated places. In this we have the example of the world's best. We think of Mr. Gladstone going morning by morning to the parish church. We think of the hour in General Gordon's day when his tent was a sacred place. Dr. Horton tells of a business man in a country town who each day at noon locked his office door for prayer. The soul is of more concern than sovereigns. We must find time daily for prayer.

What a beautiful testimony was that of Dr. Dale's colleague, Mr. Barber says, "It was, however, at family

well attended week-nights and Sundays, while it is generally recognized that the whole tone of the factory life has changed, the language is clean, the songs are songs of Salvation, and the behavior is such as would do credit to the most model institution in the country!—Social Gazette.

FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE.

He Honored God—God Honored Him.

In reference to our first War Cry Problem, a reader sends us a very interesting communication. "Eleven years ago," he writes, "I was working as a carpenter for a firm of builders. Our work was principally public-house fittings.

"One morning the master called me into his office and told me he was going to make me foreman. My wages would be increased, and as I had a wife and seven children, this seemed at first very acceptable.

"The same evening I went to the holiness meeting at my corps, and in that meeting God revealed to me that it was inconsistent with my profession as a soldier to get my living from public-house work.

"I prayed about the matter, talked it over with the wife, but could not silence the Voice which said, 'Give it up.'

"On the following Monday I went to the master and told him I should have to leave his service. I explained my reasons for the step, which I said was made in obedience to conscience. I left the same night.

"On my way home I was stopped by a man I had not seen for two years.

"He said, 'You are just the man I am looking for. Thinking I might see you about here to-night, I came this way. If you will go to Mr. —— you'll get a job.' I told him about you this morning.'

"I went, got the job, was made foreman the first week, got a rise in wages, and have never had to work in any kind of public-house work since. 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'—British Cry.

Praying League members to pray for him. Do so, dear friends.

Strong Drink the Chief Cause.

Appropos of the thought of the prisoners in our jails comes the remembrance of the fact that the majority are the victims of the strong drink habit. Oh, how many are sufferers from this great evil!

Cheering letters.

Many cheering little notes find their way to the Praying League Secretary a desk, and makes the work of the League a real joy to me. One dear sister writes of the inspiration of the weekly column in the Cry. She is a "stranger within our gates," being an Armenian from Constantinople. She is a great sufferer, being one of the dear Lord's "shut in" children. She is passing through "deep waters," and asks for the prayers of God's people. She spends the lonely hours of suffering in prayer for the coming of His Kingdom; and how precious to Him are the requests of His trusting little ones. Pray for our Armenian sister. Another friend, who rejoices in many answers to prayer, asks that she may be upheld in a special way for a special request known to the Heater and Answerer of prayer.

The Praying League

Prayer Topic: Pray that all who feel that God is calling them to be soldiers in the Salvation Army may have the courage of their convictions.

Sunday, Feb. 17.—Feeding the Egyptians.—Gen. xvii. 7-25.

Monday, Feb. 18.—Ephriam and Manasseh.—Gen. xlvi. 1-20.

Tuesday, Feb. 19.—The Twelve Tribes.—Gen. xlvi. 1-28.

Wednesday, Feb. 20.—Funeral of Jacob.—Gen. xlvi. 33; 1. 1-13.

Thursday, Feb. 21.—Death of Joseph.—Gen. 1. 14-26.

Friday, Feb. 22.—Birth of Moses.—Ex. i. 1-22; ii. 1-10.

Saturday, Feb. 23.—Flight of Moses.—Ex. ii. 11-24.

THE PRAYERFUL LIFE.

(Continued from last week.)

The trivial thought, the wayward look, the light speech, the vulgar stare, the irreverent gesture, are all unthinkable. We have called God's attention

THE AVENGER AVERTED.

A Striking Story from Real Life of a Bad Man's Perfidy
---A Girl's Betrayal---A Brother's Thirst for Revenge---
And a Salvation Army Open-Air Meeting in Canada.

EACH heart knoweth its own bitterness, and the stranger meddleth not with it, wrote the "Wise Man" in the ages long since gone. But the fact still remains, and many a heart in the busy mart and crowded street today meditates upon a deep sorrow or sense of injury sustained, and someone perhaps nurses a terrible desire to avenge himself of his adversaries.

Such was the case with a man whom we will call William Jones, who walked down the thoroughfare of a Canadian city only a few months ago.

Locked in his heart was a deep grief, and a fierce hatred of a man who had wrought him a grievous wrong; in his pocket reposed a revolver with which, for long years, he had proposed to avenge that wrong.

A Great Wrong.

This, in brief, is his story:

His sister was in the employ of a doctor, and having worked in the family for many years, was greatly respected by the members.

Then one day a young man crossed her path. They became acquainted, and ultimately lovers. For two years she was the fiancee of the young man, and loved him well, but not wisely. Under promise of marriage he wrought her the great wrong, and then basely deserted her.

Some time afterwards, when time had partly healed her sorrow, another young man obtained her friendship and asked her hand in honorable marriage. He had become acquainted with her story, and she, being deeply touched with his sympathy, consented to become his wife.

Arrangements were accordingly made for the marriage of these young people. But before the wedding could take place the betrayer returned to the scene, and for his own evil purposes determined to thwart the purposes of the lovers. To that end, with horrible cruelty, he insidiously poured into the ears of the prospective bridegroom the most heartless calumnies respecting the young woman.

A Broken Heart.

The effect was to cause the young man to make excuses to break off his engagement. This so preyed upon the young woman's feelings that she became ill, and after languishing for a time died of a broken heart.

Before she died, the doctor, with whom she lived had written to her brother, then in New York, informing him that his sister lay dying, and he at once worked his passage over on a cattle-boat, and arrived in England just six hours before she passed away.

The Death-Bed Vow.

On her death-bed she related the story of the man's perfidy, and with her

dying breath gasped out that he had told lies concerning her.

As he gazed upon the lifeless form bitter feelings arose into his heart, and led him, with arms uplifted, to vow with terrible vehemence that his sister's honor and death should be washed out with the blood of the base

one.

At the bedside was the shocked

brother of the man who had ruined the girl's young life, and he promised to assist William in wreaking vengeance on the betrayer.

"I will keep you informed of his whereabouts," he said, "and you can follow him till you run him down, and then—shoot him."

With this terrible purpose in view, and relying on the promised assistance of his friend, William set out on his quest for vengeance.

First of all he bought a revolver, and then lay in wait for his man where he thought he would be likely to pass. The conscience-stricken

him, he rushed with fevered haste to descend the scaffolding, and losing his foothold, fell to the ground. He was picked up in an injured condition and taken to the hospital, and so for the time the victim escaped the avenger.

When he recovered he heard the object of his search had gone to Toronto, Canada, and he hustled over the line in his efforts to gratify his desire for blood.

On the Trail.

There was plenty of good work he could have had in the city if he had been disposed to take it, but all he wanted was a chance to look around for his man. He, accordingly, took a job at carrying a sign around the streets, so that he could scan the faces of the passers-by. In his pocket was the loaded revolver, ready to be drawn out on the instant and emptied if he caught sight of his hated enemy.

The man he had sought for so long

a brass band reached him. He went to listen, and was attracted to the Salvation Army meeting.

What he heard there made him feel miserable, but when a brother spoke to him about Salvation, he only shook his head and said there was a certain man he would never forgive.

He Went to the Army.

He held out for months, but came to the meetings regularly. He could not stop away; something seemed to draw him there.

One night the Adjutant spoke on the death of Christ for sinners, and William completely broke down.

Revenge Abandoned.

He forgot all about his revenge; he forgot all about where he was, and who was there, and saying to himself over and over again, "All for me, all for me," he rushed out to the penitent form and prayed that God would forgive him. No one had pleaded with to go; he simply obeyed the inward

striving of the Spirit of God, and that night there was peace and joy in his heart and rejoicing in heaven.

On the 20th of January, 1907, he was enrolled as a soldier of the Salvation Army, and is now actively engaged in tracking sinners and bringing them to the feet of the Lamb of God.

He has written to the brother of his intended victim, telling him that all is forgiven, and he will pray without ceasing for the salvation of the other man's soul.

Our God is still able to snap the fetters of sin, and to save to the uttermost all who come unto Him. Has He snapped your fetters? If not, you had better let Him set you free, for the pale horse and its rider are on your track, and cannot be averted.

Wetaskiwin Corps Band.

The Wetaskiwin band has just recently been organized. They played in public for the first time on New Years' night.

The bandsmen are as follows: Sec. Lyman Cameron, bombardon; J. S. Sergt. Martin Erickson, slide trombone; Treas. Frank Wagner, B bass; Bro. Axel Anderson, drum; Bro. Walter Carruthers (behind drum), trombone; J. S. Sergt. John Groves, 2nd baritone; J. S. Sergt. Fred Johnston, cornet; Capt. Davey, G.B.M.B.A., honorary member; Ensign, Habkirk, cornet; Lieut. Hutchinson, cornet; Bro. Edward Quistad, euphonium; Bro. Clarence Dugger, trombone; Bro. Charlie Bieber, 1st tenor; Bro. Charlie Gunn, 2nd tenor; Bro. Cecil Campbell, alto.

J. S. S-M. Mrs. Wagner and Sergt. Major Lundquist were not able to be present when photo was taken, owing to sickness. Not any of the bandsmen understood anything of music, with the exception of one, but they are all very anxious to learn, and they hope to make the band instrumental in extending God's work.



A Newly-Formed Corps Band at Wetaskiwin, Alberta.

wretch, however, had heard of his enemy's terrible threat, and had speedily fled to the next town.

The Pursuer.

Informed by a letter of his whereabouts the avenger of blood drew close upon his track, and the guilty man was forced to fly from town to town throughout England, driven from city to city by the haunting fear that nemesis would at last overtake him.

Night and day the chase continued. William never turned from his purpose, and never wearied of searching for his victim.

One day he heard that he had gone to America, and he set out red-hot on his trail as soon as he could get aboard a ship.

Like a sleuth hound on the scent of a murderer, he chased him from town to town in the United States, but only caught sight of him once in the space of six long years.

It so happened that he was working one day on a scaffold in Philadelphia, and looking down into the street for a moment he saw the man he had been hunting high and low.

Fearing lest he should lose sight of

however, was not destined to fall into the hands of his relentless pursuer. He was indeed in Toronto, and on the street one day he saw William carrying his sign. Slinking out of sight without being perceived, he left the city that night and made for South America, where he is probably still living in fear of one day coming face to face with the one who had sworn to take his life.

A Great Trial.

Out of the heart of William Jones, however, all the evil and bitter thoughts have been banished, and the Spirit of Christ now rules there. Instead of burning with revenge and hatred, he is now a loving and forgiving man, only desirous of doing God's will, and leaving vengeance to Him to Whom it belongs.

What could have produced such a change?

Only the transforming power of the Spirit of God; only a personal contact with the Lord Jesus Christ. The circumstances which brought about this glorious result, however, are as follows:

One Sunday William was lounging about the streets, when the strains of

Band Chat.

The Portage la Prairie band has lost Band Sergeant Campbell, who, with his wife, has gone to the States. He was the leading cornet player, and had been a soldier of the corps for thirteen years.

The Belleville band raised the nice sum of \$125 by their serenading at Christmas and New Year. Ensign and Mrs. Coy arranged a tea for the band one Monday night. Bandmaster Wardle was called on to speak, and expressed a hope that there would soon be thirty players instead of sixteen. Mrs. Coy spoke on behalf of the bandmen's wives, and the Ensign encouraged them by saying what a blessing they were to the corps.

The latest band to be organized is at Wetaskiwin. They played in public for the first time on New Year's night. Only one of them understood anything about music, but they went bravely at it and did well. They are all very anxious to learn, and hope to be of great use in extending God's Kingdom.

A notable capture has been made at Brantford, in the person of an ex-bandmaster, and who has played in a number of Army bands in England. He got converted at his home the last day of the Old Year, just before the Watchnight Service, and now comes to the open-air and intends becoming a soldier again.

The Brantford band always conducts their own open-air, while the officers conduct the soldiers' brigade. If it's too cold to play their instruments they enjoy a good sing. They recently conducted the Sunday afternoon meeting, which was very interesting. Nearly every bandman is a vocal soloist. At the close the Bandmaster gave a short service of song upon "Jacob."

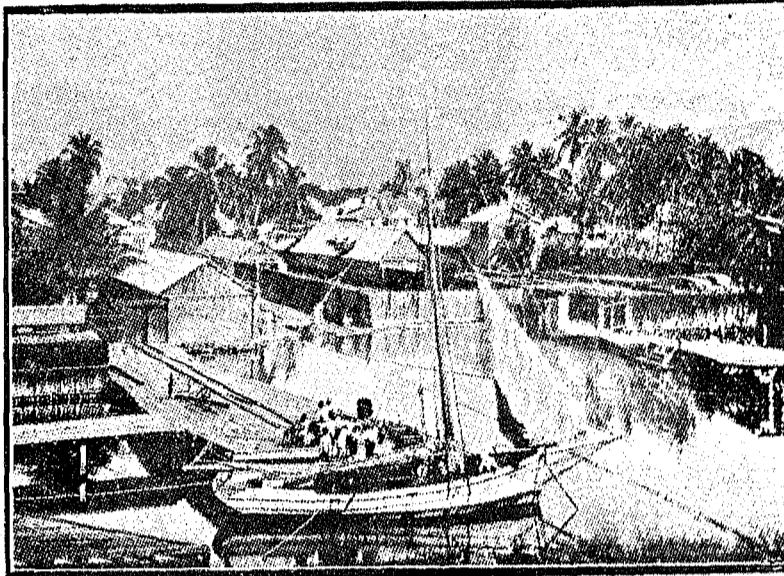
A string band is being formed. The new band locals are: Deputy-Bandmaster, Wm. Rogers; Band Sergeant, Walter Godden, and Band Secretary, Wm. Scott. Bandmaster Nock is loved by the bandmen, and as in the past will lead the band on to victory.

Band Sergeant Godden is appointed Corps Correspondent for the War Cry.

THE JAMAICA SORROW.

With the Salvation Army at the Earthquake Period.

SPECIAL TO THE CANADIAN WAR CRY, BY MAJOR CLIFFORD, GENERAL SECRETARY, JAMAICA.



A View of Kingston, Jamaica.

ATERRIBLE calamity has overtaken the Island of Jamaica. As at San Francisco, a tremendous earthquake, followed by fire, wrought terrible havoc and heavy loss of life. This happened at 3:37 on Monday afternoon, Jan. 14th, and the city of Kingston, which had been a few minutes before the centre of life and activity, then became a place of mourning and death. The shock was so great that whole streets were devastated, the buildings on either side being thrown into the streets or collapsing inside, but in either case with awful consequence to the great crowd of business men in the city and the residents generally. People flocked into the streets, praying, searching, beseeching help to find their relatives. To add to the horror of the situation, fires broke out in the centre of the city and soon the place was in flames. A great number of wounded lie buried

beneath the debris, and it is awful to think of the number who must have been burned to death unable to help themselves. The writer counted twenty-three charred remains in about 250 yards, burnt as they fell. A number of leading business men were killed at their offices, among them being several good friends of the Army. Captain Constantine, Superintendent of the Royal Mail Steamer Packet Co. in Jamaica; Capt. Young, of the coastal steamer "Arno"; Mr. Sherlock, of Nathan & Sherlock; Sir James Ferguson, who was on a visit to the Island; Mr. Edgar De Cordova; Mr. Mudon, the Government Valuer, and many others. The military are doing good service in clearing away the ruins in search of wounded or dead, but the work is all too slow. Happily the fire is now out, but not before it had done frightful damage to life and property.

A Miraculous Escape.

Fortunately our officers escaped serious injury, several having narrow escapes. The temporary Headquarters, although much damaged, did not fall, and Mrs. Colonel Lindsay, Major Clifford, Staff-Capt. Leib, Adj't. Shaw, and Capt. Blackman, who were on the T. H. Q. at the time got away without a scratch. At the Women's Metropole Mrs. Staff-Capt. Leib, with her children and the lodgers managed to get out, not before George Leib had received a nasty blow on the head. He is, however, progressing favorably, and fully expected to recover. A girl employee was buried in a room, but was rescued by Major Clifford, apparently little the worse. Ensign and Mrs. Garbutt, of the Men's Shelter, had a miraculous escape, coming down from an upper room, through the falling floors, until they landed in the cellar. Fortunately the main walls fell outwards, and our comrades had nothing more serious than bruises and sprains. The Women's Industrial Home, although much shaken, is standing, and can be made secure if no further severe shocks take place. This being the only safe Army property, it has been turned into a haven of refuge for the officers and soldiers who have been rendered homeless, and in the garden beds and couches have been put for sleeping at night out of the way of falling masonry. No. I. hall was totally destroyed, while Nos. II. and IV. buildings have been levelled.

Wonderfully Sustained.

God has wonderfully sustained Mrs. Colonel Lindsay during this strain, especially as the Colonel is away on the other side of the Territory. Mrs. Lindsay has assisted at the hospital, besides arranging, with the help of Mrs. Major Clifford, for the assistance of the relief of the needy and homeless officers and soldiers. The General Secretary, Major Clifford, with Adj't. Shaw, Capt. Lofthouse, and Cadet Palaci, have done brave and

noble service, not only in relieving and assisting within our own circle, but helping respectively the fire brigade, the military, the hospital, etc. Indeed the Major might have been seen alongside the doctors assisting the wounded, helping the surgeons in their operations, bandaging and binding up many of the minor hurts himself.

Burying the Dead.

Mrs. Lindsay has offered the services of the Army to the Government, and it is expected that in addition to our own work, valuable assistance will be given to the Government departments in relief work. Martial law is proclaimed in some parts, as the hungry crowds have already begun to loot the remains of provision stores. Cables have been sent urgently soliciting food supplies, and it is hoped that the calamity of famine will be averted. As we write, about twenty-four hours after the first shock, wounded persons are still being found, and a great number of bodies have yet to be discovered. To avoid pestilence many of the remains are being burned in the streets.

Capt. Palmer, of the Army farm at Wakefield, has just come in stating all well there, although damage done to place, cattle were uninjured.

Although news is very slack from country parts of the Island, it is feared that they have also suffered considerably; while from the other West Indian Islands news is anxiously awaited.

The earth is still restless, and shocks more or less violent are being experienced. We never know from minute to another what is going to happen, but we are believing and trusting in the best, at the same time doing all we can to relieve the terrible distress.

A Circus Lion.

Another night has passed in safety, although a number of small shocks were felt. About midnight, a report was circulated on the race course that a tidal wave was coming, and although there was not the slightest reason for it, the vast crowd of many thousands immediately were panic-stricken, and for a couple of hours cries and shrieks rent the air. The night was truly made hideous. Added to this was the occasional roar of a lion, which is in the Island with Tony Lowlander's circus, and which is also located on the course, and this rendered the situation still more appalling.

With daylight, of course, everybody became more hopeful. Provisions are expected by steamers from Cuba today, and so far things have a brighter outlook in that direction.

Last night was our third night in the open air, but in spite of all discomforts the officers, inspired by the splendid nerve and courage of Mrs. Colonel Lindsay, are all in good spirits, and no one is at present any the worse for the enforced camping in the open.—John H. Clifford, G. S.



Greetings on the Prairie—Cowboy and Indian.



Selling Daughters for Bread.

So severe is the pinch of famine in the Vologda district, Russia, that the peasants are selling their children. The younger children are sold for household drudges; the fate of the older is even less fortunate. Our artist bases his sketch on first-hand information. To his certain knowledge these deplorable scenes are of every-day occurrence. "Anything," the peasants say, "is better than hunger."

Some Wonderful Testimonies

Drunkard Saved Through the War Cry
—Woman Smoked Pipe for Sixteen Years.

We had rousing meetings at Picton all day on Sunday. Testimonies of ex-drunkards were wonderful. One brother, who had been a habitual drunkard for over thirteen years, was led to seek the Saviour through reading the War Cry. Others who were addicted to the same habit for over twenty years, told of the miraculous way in which God had saved and kept them.

The tobacco devil is working hard in our midst. One woman, now a soldier, told us how she had been a constant smoker for sixteen years. One day while "enjoying her smoke" she became so disgusted at herself that she went to the door and threw both pipe and tobacco out in the garden. During the evening the hankering for the old pipe became so intense that she lit the lantern and went out to search for her idol. She found it, but, bless God, shortly after she found the sinner's Saviour who has given her complete victory.

We are seeing a few seeking the Lord. Some raise their hands to be prayed for, and others are under deep conviction.

Building Sold.

The building which we have been occupying for the past nine months has been sold, consequently we are somewhat anxious as to how it will affect us; however, we are sure God will help us out, and if we unitedly put our shoulders to the wheel we shall have a new barracks up this coming season.

Death has taken from our town Mrs. (Rev.) A. D. Miller. She was a genuine Christian, a lover of the Army, and always ready to assist us in our undertaking to advance the cause of Christ. When visiting her we found her very happy and trusting in the Lord whom she served so faithfully through all the changing scenes of life. We pray God will bless the bereaved aged husband.—J. S. S.M.

Cold in Quebec.**FORTY-ONE DEGREES BELOW ZERO IN THE CITY.**

The coldest weather experienced in Quebec since 1857 recently prevailed and fortunately without a breath of wind or no one could have stood its intensity on the streets. Business was practically suspended in the city, as no one, unless compelled, went out of doors during the day. The trains all arrived late owing to the difficulty in keeping up steam on the locomotives, and all work in the open stopped. The thermometer registered as low as 41 below zero in exposed parts of the city, while up north on the line of the Lake St. John Railway it even went lower, and at Lake Edward, ninety miles from Quebec, registered 64 below zero, which is twelve degrees lower than ever before known. Up to the present no fatal results have been reported.

SWEDISH-NORWEGIAN STRING BAND AT SHERBROOKE.

We have long felt our want of some music in this corps, but it has always been very difficult to get anything started in this line.

When Capt. Oldford and Lieut. Hedberg took charge of the corps they at once set to work to form a string band, and have now succeeded in getting a nice little brigade started.

Their playing and singing is much appreciated, and is drawing good crowds to the meetings.

In the photo are a few of the leading players, but there are many learners, and we hope soon to see the numbers swelling.—Corps Cor.

Capt. Fred White, of Newcastle, recently paid a visit to Campbellton, N.B., and was a great blessing to us. The meetings on Sunday were full of life, and much conviction was seen. Seven held up their hands for prayer and two came to the Saviour.

On Monday two more came forward.

A supper and jubilee was conducted on Tuesday by the Captain. It was a success in every way, and one soul came to Jesus.—Ensign Campbell.

American Siege Proclaimed.**HOPE TO OUT-DO LAST YEAR'S ACHIEVEMENTS.**

Commander Eva Booth.

An ever-welcome picture.

Commander Eva Booth, of the United States, has issued one of her famous Siege Proclamations with which the Canadian troops have been made so familiar. The Siege began on Sunday, Feb. 10th. We wish the effort God's best blessing.

The Siege will extend over five Sundays, and the motto is to be "Fight it out!"

The P. C.'s have been at full stretch laying their plans and getting the machinery in motion.

The targets aimed at are:

Backsliders reclaimed	2,000
Drunkards and other notorious sinners converted	1,000
Conversions made (backsliders, drunkards, notorious sinners and juniors are included in this number)	8,600
Additional soldiers enrolled	2,000
New Candidates secured	200
Junior conversions	2,500
Increase in J. S. company attendance	1,500
New juniors enrolled	1,000
New J. S. companies formed	150
New J. S. locals appointed	200
New Band of Love members made	500
New Y. P. L. members and companions enrolled	1,000
New Corps Cadets secured	300
New Cradle Roll members enrolled	500

Commander Miss Booth in her appeal to the troops, says:

"The enthusiasm with which you seized upon the Siege last year gives me to feel that you will hail its approach and start in upon its undertakings with a heart afire for victory.

"Still, I feel that I must tell you that my ambitions for this year's effort exceed by a long way those of the last, and that I am reckoning upon

Territorial Tit-Bits.

The band at an English corps were recently asked to play at a public-house. Taking the request literally, the Bandmaster marched his men inside the beerhouse and gave a rousing program of Salvation music.

The same band also played inside the pilots' look-out house at the invitation of the sturdy navigators. The pilots told them they were the first band who had ever been in their rooms.

Commissioner George Scott Railton has been doing Japan with a magic lantern, visiting the northern island with Major Yamawo and other officers. The Governor of Hokaido, as soon as the visiting cards of the party, were taken to him, said:

"I thank you for this visit—you whose love to all mankind knows no partiality, and is so generous. Be assured that you have my sympathy, and esteem."

At the annual meeting of the S. A. Assurance Society, Commissioner Carleton gave some figures relative to our work in that direction. The Industrial Branch had now 442,516 Policy-holders, and the total sum assured was over twenty-one million dollars. Ordinary Policy-holders numbered 18,000. It is estimated that 80 per cent. of the policies are held by persons connected with the Salvation Army as soldiers. The entire staff numbers 2,127.

The Society was founded on Salvation Army principles. Its aims were identical, and the Commissioner prophesied that in time it would become a valuable auxiliary for promoting the benevolent objects of the Army the world over.

In Marathi Territory plague has been very prevalent. Lieut. Jivani Singh, a native officer of the Batala Division, was recently promoted to Glory after being attacked by the dread disease.

Brigadier McMillan has received a very pleasant message from the Governor of Illinois, a part of which reads as follows: "I shall be glad to have the Salvation Army co-operate with the State in the administration of the criminal class, and shall be pleased to investigate any matter to which you may call my attention."

At a town in Colorado they have had an exciting time over a contest for a piano. The leading business men of the city got up an advertising scheme. Each twenty-five cent purchase in any of the nineteen stores entitled to one vote, and the purchaser could vote for whichever organization, church, or school he liked. The Salvation Army headed all the other contestants by 224,000 votes, and so won the piano.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, of hatchet fame, recently gave an address in the Salvation Army hall at Washington, D.C. She spoke for half an hour, and said she had been in jail twenty-nine times, but every time she got out she learned something more, and it made her more determined to down the devil than ever before.



Swedish-Norwegian String Band, Sherbrooke.

Lieut. Hedberg, Bandmaster. Sister Olson. Capt. Oldford, C. O. Cand. Walberg Kenga. Sister Folkenberg.

Glimpse of the World "Does This Life End All?"

CANADIAN.

Montreal is to have new cement works that will cost a million dollars.

The Government has decided not to issue licenses for seine fishing on the Thames this year.

A huge landslide buried the Grand Trunk track under tons of earth a few miles west of London, Ont.

A system of free text-books in public schools is advocated in the report of the Text-Book Commission.

Contracts have been let for the construction of a huge dam for power purposes at Eugenia Falls.

Premier Whitney introduced a Bill in the Legislature to repeal manhood suffrage registration except in cities.

The worst blizzard since 1893 has swept the far west, and grave apprehensions regarding the ranching industry is felt.

Calgary is going to petition the Government to put up there a sanatorium for the consumptives flocking from the east.

A collie dog got into a flock of sheep near Guelph and killed two of the flock outright, besides badly biting fifteen others. The sheep belonged to Mr. Hugh McNally.

The Canadian Glass Factory at Montreal has been destroyed by fire. Damage to the extent of \$20,000 was done and about 250 people were temporarily out of employment.

A car on the Niagara & St. Catharines Railway rolled down a fifty-foot embankment nearly into the Welland Canal, taking two brakemen with it. Both escaped with injuries more or less serious.

A business block in Winnipeg was destroyed by fire, and the total loss will exceed \$350,000. The features of the conflagration were the extremely low temperature and the fearful fight of the firemen for an hour and a half. No flames were to be seen, and everyone thought they had conquered until an explosion among the chemicals in the building sent a portion of the roof skywards.

Mr. Stewart, the Dominion Superintendent of Forestry, says the Indians of the Mackenzie River Valley, a region covering more than 100,000 square miles more territory than the valley of the St. Lawrence, are dying rapidly of consumption. This disease they bring upon themselves by trying to live as they think the white men live, shutting themselves up in severe weather in cabins so heated that they would kill white men outright. He pleads for doctors to be sent to them, as there is not a doctor within 1,500 miles.

—5—

FOREIGN.

The entire appearance of the Solomon Islands has been changed by earthquake.

The Belgian steamer, St. Andrew, on her way from Antwerp to New York, struck and killed a huge hammerhead whale.

It is stated authoritatively at Washington that the question of disarmament will not be discussed at The Hague Peace Conference.

William Whiteley, the London merchant murdered by H. G. Rayner, has left five million dollars to provide almshouses for the poor.

Scarlet fever is epidemic in Chicago. Three hundred new cases were reported one day, and throughout the city there are 4,400 altogether.

A Cabinet crisis is imminent in France owing to a disagreement between M. Clemenceau and M. Briand on the education question.

Premier Stolypin has issued a circular stating that it is the Government's wish to come to an amicable agreement with Parliament.

The Governor of a prison near St. Petersburg was shot in the street by a lad of eighteen, disguised as a working man, and died almost instantly.

The Seneca building in Buffalo, was destroyed by fire on Jan. 28th, and whilst trying to extinguish the flames twenty firemen were buried beneath the falling walls.

A brakeman in Illinois met with a peculiar death. He fell into some pumping machinery, and the base of his skull was injured in such a way that the man's brains oozed down into his throat and he swallowed them.

A QUESTION ASKED BY A TERROR-STRICKEN MAN AND ANSWERED BY LIEUT.-COLONEL GASKIN.



Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin,
General Secretary, Territorial
Headquarters.

"CAPTAIN!" The sound of the speaker's voice was sharp, fierce, imperative. "Captain, do you think that if I threw myself into yonder river would it be the end of me?"

I looked at the man in surprise. "Do you think," he continued, "I could get rid of my misery for ever if I drowned myself? Life is a positive horror. Oh, that I could but escape from it and from its agony. I am mad—mad with torture. I am a poor drunken slave, and somehow can't free myself, no matter how I try!"

The speaker, who had thus rudely arrested my hurried journey to the railway station, and whose interrogations were made in a loud, despairing voice, was a tall, rugged-looking fellow of the artisan class. In the uncertain light of the street lamp, I could see that his features worked convulsively, and that he was in a state of acute agitation. His teeth chattered as if with cold; his fists were clenched, and his whole demeanor that of a man desperately in earnest. It seems almost impossible to imagine a more vivid picture of misery than that which this poor drunken wretch presented.

Couldn't Get Away from Himself.

"Oh," he continued, "Oh, if I could but believe that it were possible to put myself out of sight and out of mind for ever, I could end my life without one single regret. I'd do it now, mind you, NOW!"

He drew his hands wearily across his brow and then clutched his dark hair with trembling fingers as he cried, "My God, can I never get away from myself?"

He was in such a state of agitation that it was with considerable difficulty I was able to reply to his questions. His words were poured forth in an incoherent stream of curses, blasphemy, regrets, and appeals.

"Captain," he cried, as he gripped my shoulder fiercely, and almost screamed, "Captain, do you believe it? Do you believe that this life ends all? Do you believe that what a man does in life he will have to face after death?"

I replied, "What do you think?"

"Ah, Captain," the man muttered, "that's it. If I did not think so, I would soon get out of this."

I told him that, sinner though he was, and dark and bad, yet he might be saved. I told him of a dying Saviour's love, and pleaded with him to turn from his sins, and confess his wickedness then and there.

It's No Use!

"It's no use," he cried; "but I cannot go on like this."

I then reminded him of the great Day of Judgment, of a righteous Judge who will render to every man as his work has been, and pleaded with him to escape the miseries of the present, and the horrors of hell eternal by crying then and there to God for mercy. While yet speaking, an expression of utter despair crossed his distorted face. He released his grip of my shoulder, turned quickly on his heel and fled into the darkness of the night. I never saw him again, for although I pursued him for a distance, he was soon lost to sight. His hurried flight had been occasioned by his having heard the sound of a policeman's footsteps. He had gone—where?

As I continued my way to the station his words of despair rang in my ears, and my brain was all awhirl with cogitations as to the reason of his terror and distress, his evident wish to end his life, and the haunting fear of the coming judgment which held him back from the fatal act.

* * * Consequences of Wrongdoing.

The question as to whether death ends all, and if with the departure of this life is the termination of all existence, has been asked by many, besides the dear fellow of whom I write. Does all responsibility conclude with life itself? No! ten thousand times, no! For while there are numbers who would like to thus escape from the eternal consequences of wrong-doing, God has decreed it otherwise, and has arranged that every man shall stand before the Judgment Seat of Christ to answer for the deeds done in the body, whether good or evil. Man's life, with its privileges, opportunities, blessings, and mercies, is a sacred, responsible trust, and man is God's steward, to whom he must render an account of his stewardship. He cannot flee this obligation.

There is a three-fold purpose in God's great plan of redemption. The Son of God suffered and died to deliver man from the bondage of sin, and to blot out as a thick cloud his transgressions. Again, by the blood of the atonement, man may not only be delivered from sin, but rescued from the hands of his enemy, and made conqueror over death and hell.

Righteous Judgment.

Why did it please God to bruise His Son and permit Him to be wounded for our transgressions? Because man's soul is of such vital eternal import, that if lost through unrepented rebellion against God, it will have to endure the agonies of hell and the awful retribution of sin. The laws of God given in righteousness and executed in justice, demand that the offender be punished. God has provided a remedy for sin, and made it possible by the sacrifice of Jesus for all men to be eternally saved. God has made wonderful and adequate provision for the putting away of man's transgression. The conditions are: "Repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ," which conditions, if complied with, result in a man being a new creature.

Can a man flee the consequences of his sin? Is it impossible for him to be entirely rid of the haunting terror of death and the agonizing fear of hell? Yes; blessed be the God of all mercies, the vilest may be cleaned. Every stain may be blotted out and every transgression forgiven. Oh, come to Christ, fling your burdened soul at the footstool of His mercy, and He will hear your prayer, He will save your soul.

"Though your sins may rise as the mountains high,
And your soul be stain'd as the crimson dye,
Though to death and hell you are very nigh,

Our God is able to deliver thee."

BRANDON SILVER BAND.

Mr. Williamson Presents the New Instruments and Gives a Generous Donation.

The presentation of instruments to the Brandon Band took place on Jan. 10th. Mr. George Williamson made the presentation, and sixteen fine silver instruments were given to the band boys.

Owing to the train being delayed, Brigadier Burditt was unable to preside at the meeting, and so Adjutant Wakefield took the chair.

Mrs. Adj't. McGill asked God's blessing on the meeting. The chairman complimented Ensign Taylor on his energy in raising the money for the new instruments, and then called on Treasurer Blodgett to sing a solo.

After the band had played "Auld Lang Syne" on their old horns, Mr. Williamson was introduced to the audience and greeted with prolonged applause.

In his speech he referred to his observation of the Salvation Army in Dawson City, and paid a high tribute to General Booth.

After the presentation the band played "Songs of Scotland" on their new instruments, and Mr. Williamson then asked for an offering to purchase eleven more.

The collection amounted to \$223.00, and Mr. Williamson donated an equal amount, saying that he wanted to see the Brandon Band one of the best in the West.

Bandmaster Somm then spoke a few words, after which Ensign Taylor thanked the people for their generous response to the appeal for funds.

A vote of thanks for Mr. Williamson was proposed by the chairman, and the audience enthusiastically showed their appreciation of his presence.

The meeting was brought to a close by the playing of the National Anthem and the singing of the doxology.

Previous to the presentation the in-



Mr. Williamson, Brandon,
Who gave \$223 to the Brandon Band.

struments were on view in the window of Mr. Reason, one of the leading jewelers in town, and were the centre of attraction to large crowds.

HISTORY OF A BAND (In Brief).

During the command of Capt. Rock at Wingham the question of having a band was brought forward. Schedule were planned and an appeal made to the public to help, and very soon the corps was able to purchase instruments and distribute them amongst the soldiers. Bus. Simmonds was appointed as Bandmaster, and he spent much time in teaching his comrades. His patience and labor are to be rewarded.

The first turnout of the new band was to welcome a party of English immigrants.

Bandmaster Jarvis then took hold, and at present has ten players in very good shape.

The band has proved a blessing to the town, and we pray it shall be the means of leading many to the Savior.

They are at present learning a number of new marches.—L. C. R.

It is reported that Count Leo Tolstoi is dying at St. Petersburg.

Personalities.

The Chief Secretary has returned to Toronto, and we hope by the time this issue is in the hands of our readers that the Colonel will be at his accustomed desk. He is much better, although not quite himself.

♦

In "More Tramps Abroad," Mark Twain refers to the work of the Army in New Zealand in the following terms:—

"The doctor at Gisborne tells me of several old drunkards, one spiritless loafer, and several far-gone moral wrecks, who have been reclaimed by the Salvation Army, and have remained staunch people and hard workers these two years. Wherever one goes, these testimonials to the Army's efficiency are forthcoming."

♦

Readers of the War Cry will learn with regret that a cable message was received at Territorial Headquarters on Wednesday, Jan. 30th, stating that the mother of Mrs. Brigadier Bond had been promoted to Glory. We are sure our bereaved comrades will have the prayers of our readers in their sorrow.

♦

Commissioner Elijah Cadman is shortly to pay a visit to Australia. He says he is going with the spirit of Elijah, and expects that God will help him mightily, and that a gigantic blaze of Salvation may be kindled. This saying is a little ambiguous, as it is not clear whether the spirit mentioned is that of Elijah the Tishbite, or Elijah the Salvationist—but either will do.

♦

Sir William Clegg, of Sheffield, when introducing the General to a recent meeting, remarked:—

"I well remember the first official visit that the General paid to Sheffield. He was then received, by some portion of the community at any rate, with extreme aversion, and he had to face physical danger at the hands of these misguided people. Public opinion has now, we are glad to say, completely changed. (Loud applause.)

♦

"Instead of being received in the way described, Sheffield and every other city now receives him with love, respect, and admiration for the grand work which he has accomplished." (Applause.)

♦

Ensign Thompson, who has been resting in Newfoundland on account of ill health, has been ordered to Headquarters, where she will receive an appointment from the Commissioner.

♦

Some months ago King Edward's physician, Dr. Treves, ordered him to stop smoking—a prescription which he ought to have had many years ago. Being a real king, Edward obeyed his physician's orders. A man who is not a king would probably have declined to take the prescription on the ground that he enjoyed his cigar so much that he could not dispense with it, or that he had smoked so long he could not stop. But the man who rules the great British Empire has proven his capacity as a ruler by ruling himself. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." But the result of following his physician's advice is that which interests us most.

According to a despatch received not long ago by the Chicago Tribune from its London correspondent, King Edward has improved so much in general health since he gave up smoking that he is obliged to keep up vigorous exercise to keep down his flesh.—Ex.

MR. TIMOTHY EATON.

The Passing of an Army Friend.

THE COMMISSIONER'S TRIBUTE.

The Salvation Army has sustained the loss of a great friend in the death of Mr. Timothy Eaton, of Toronto, who passed away at his residence on Jan. 31st.

Immediately on receiving the news we wired the information to the Commissioner, who was en route for Halifax, and who from the train sent the following message to Mr. John C. Eaton:—

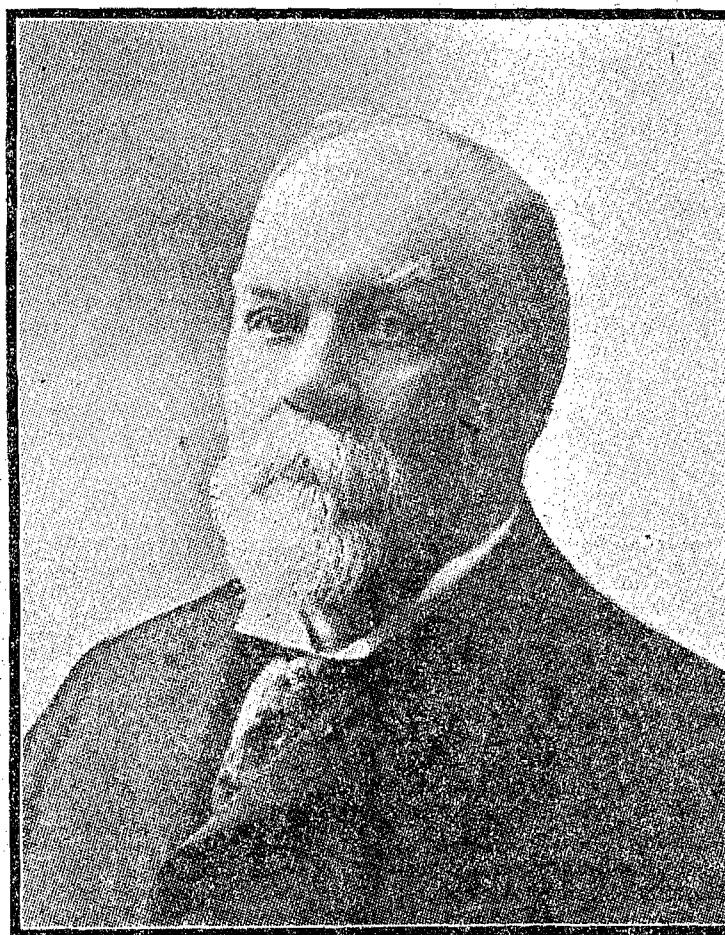
"News of your esteemed father's death has reached me on the train. Mrs. Coombs joins me in tender sympathy with your mother and family. The Salvation Army mourns the loss of a friend, and will pray for God to bless and prosper you all.—Commissioner Coombs."

business enterprizes in the country, yet found time to pray, and was not ashamed for it to be known that he was on the side of God.

To the Salvation Army he had a warm and kindly feeling, and in many instances when cases have been brought to his notice of men and women who had fallen in life's battle, and who wanted another chance, he has, through our officers lent a helping hand, and used us as the means of giving his help, while he has been the unknown benefactor.

Where He Drew the Line.

He marked out a special path for himself. The story is told that when he started business he laid down some



The Late Mr. T. Eaton.

The Commissioner has also penned the following tribute to the memory of this Army friend:—

A Tribute to a Friend.

The call of death has come to another friend of the Salvation Army, Mr. Timothy Eaton, known all over this continent as the mightiest of departmental business men, and whose vast ability as an organizer is acknowledged by all who knew him, or have had to do with his enormous establishment, has gone.

Ailing for some time as a result of an accident, yet to all appearances likely to live for years, he has been suddenly called away, acute pneumonia being the cause. How quickly all is ended! Death is no respecter of persons. Both the Merchant Prince and Dad Watkins, who picked up the cuttings from work-rooms, or gathered the junk from the houses around, gave up their life at the call of this unpleasant visitor. What a need there is to be ready for the call, and how glad we are to believe that Mr. Timothy Eaton, busy man as he was, the head of one of the most wonderful

special lines on which it should be run. Among other things he determined that three things should never be sold in his stores, viz:—

1. Intoxicating drinks.
2. Tobacco.
3. Playing cards.

Of course the wise-acres said he would soon give way, it would never do, the business would not prosper, and so forth; but he nailed his colors to the mast, and determined not to lower them, and so the great departmental stores at Toronto and Winnipeg, with all the factories and work-rooms in different parts of the Dominion, that send out goods from Newfoundland to far-away Alaska, stand forth as evidence of what can be done without in any way bowing down to those things which a man feels are foes to his fellows.

The last donation he gave to the Salvation Army was part of a promise he had made to a special branch of our work, and in giving it, he specially urged upon the collector the importance of keeping on with the Salvation work for all we were worth,

Lessons for Salvationists.

There are two things, among many, that I would pass on to the readers of the War Cry as lessons from the life of our departed friend.

The first is: Stand by your principles. Never haul down your colors. God honors the man who holds on, who endures.

The second is: Keep on with the Salvation work for all you are worth.

This should be a rallying cry to the Salvation Army officers and soldiers everywhere, and during our present soul-saving campaign, the coming visit of our dear General, and the following up of his meetings, we ought to put it in practice more than ever, so that Timothy Eaton, with all who have gone before, and who are looking on at the fight, may see we are doing it, while the world at large may be benefited and helped, because amidst the great haste that people around us are making to get rich, the Salvation Army is at the old stand, keeping up the old fight, and happy in the knowledge that He, our Lord and Master, will say, "Well done!" to all who do well. Yours in the Blood-and-Fire,

T. B. Coombs.

Mr. Timothy Eaton was a great and good man. The founding and successful carrying on of the largest departmental store in Canada, a business that gives employment to 9,000 persons, is proof of his commercial capacity. The universal respect in which he was held, and the tributes of those who knew him best, attest to his goodness.

Mr. Eaton was born in Ireland, at Clogher, thirty miles from Belfast.

Mr. Eaton's forefathers immigrated from Scotland nearly two hundred years ago. They, with many other Scotch families, formed a settlement and for several generations engaged in agrarian pursuits.

The subject of this sketch was the youngest of a family of nine. Before his birth his father died, and his widowed mother faced the world with a dependent family and nothing to support it. She was ambitious for her children, however, and managed to give them the advantage of such education as could be acquired at the national school in Clogher.

Farming in those days was not conducive to the acquiring of great wealth. The most favorable years found the toilers little wealthier than before, and when calamities, in the form of crop failures, beset them they were in dire need.

The year 1846 was one of the darkest in the history of Ireland. The potato crop was ruined with rot; other crops were partial or total failures, and starvation stalked through the land. Those who were able emigrated; and others bore their suffering patiently.

Among those who left for other lands to seek their fortunes was the eldest member of the Eaton family. About the same time Timothy, the youngest, was apprenticed to a draper at Portglenone.

At the end of five years, the term of apprenticeship, he was given his wages, which amounted to something like £100, and with this he took passage to Canada.

His career since that time has been such that there is hardly a name in Canada, in fact, with the possible exception of that of the Prime Minister, so well known to the people at large as that of Mr. Timothy Eaton. Mr. Eaton stood out pre-eminently in the Dominion as the typical Merchant Prince, or, more truly perhaps, so enormous and varied were the interests that sprung up under his name, the typical captain of industry.

He was a member of the Methodist Church, and took a particular part in the work of the young men in organizations of a religious character. He gave liberally to the charitable institutions and objects, his largest contribution being a recent one of \$50,000 to the Toronto General Hospital.

The good work still goes on at Grand Forks, B.C., and three more have stepped into the light. Three young men who have lately been converted, have taken their stand with us on the street, and the crowds at our open-air and indoor meetings are much better.—Sainsbury.

THE WAR CRY.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND.

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All manuscript to be written in ink or by typewriter, on ONE side of the paper only. Write name and address plain. All communications referring to the contents of THE WAR CRY, contributions for publication in its pages, inquiries about it, or matters referring to subscriptions, despatch and change of address, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S. A. Temple, Toronto. All Cheques, Post Office and Express Orders should be made payable to Thomas B. Coombs.

Comments on Current Matters.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S SORROW.

The Salvation Army extends its deepest sympathy to the Governor-General and his family at the sad loss they have sustained in the death of the eldest daughter of His Excellency Earl Grey—the Lady Victoria Grenfell—who died at Government House on Feb. 4th, of typhoid fever. It is thought she contracted the disease while traveling with her husband, Capt. Grenfell, in Mexico. The blow will be felt all the more keenly as having passed the critical stage it was thought she would be safe. All the members of the vice-regal party were present when the end came. Never before has such grief happened to an occupant of Rideau Hall, the Government House. But death, as the Commissioner remarks elsewhere, is no respector of persons or places; the rich and the poor alike have to pass away. It therefore behoves us all to be ready to meet God.

TERRIBLE DISTRESS.

Canada is not a good country for poor people in winter time. The extreme cold is very trying to those who have an inadequate supply of food and firing, and quite a few cases, of which the following is an example, have appeared in the newspapers of late:—

"St. Catharines, Ont., Jan. 30th.—John Wilson, a laborer, aged about 63 years, was found dead on Monday evening in his room in a house in Grantham Township, just outside the city. Coroner Merritt was notified, and, on investigation, found that Wilson had died from exposure and want.

"Wilson had been living with a family named McKenna. The husband is in the Hamilton Hospital, and the family have been reduced to a state of great destitution. Coroner Merritt on entering the house found that the family had practically no food or fire, and their clothing was of the scantiest nature. The mother was preparing a meal for herself and the family, consisting of a tin of canned fruit, and the children clustered around her clamoring for food."

LEAGUE OF MERCY WORK.

It is true that such cases in this prosperous country are rare when compared with the destitution that prevails in older countries, but they are far too many with us, judging from the reports furnished us by the League of Mercy workers, who, in their visitation, come in contact with numerous families in the direst of distress. One worker has told us of entering a home with the atmosphere thirty below zero, and finding neither food nor fire, and one of the children with only a cotton garment on her little body. The League of Mercy is doing most excellent work in relieving distress, but its efforts are limited by lack of funds. Should any of our readers desire to assist in relieving such necessitous cases funds will be gratefully received for this purpose by the Commissioner.

FROM OUR VIEW-POINT.



WHISKY'S JUGGERAUT. — Ram's Horn.

WOLVES AND ANTELOPES.

A terrible picture of winter privations comes to us from Winnipeg, contained in the following paragraph:—

"John Erzinger, who has just returned from a western trip, says that between Lethbridge and Medicine Hat thousands of antelopes were struggling in deep snow without food on which to subsist. There were thousands upon thousands of them banded together near the track. Around the animals were numbers of wolves squatting upon their haunches ready to seize upon any one of the antelopes that might happen to fall. The wolves were not all coyotes, for intermixed with them were big timber wolves. He estimates that there were more than forty wolves in sight watching for their intended prey."

OUTSPOKEN JURORS.

The Grand Jury at the Criminal Assizes are to be congratulated on their attitude towards a number of evils in Canadian public life. They condemn the publication in newspapers of advertisements of noxious drugs, the publication of details of crime and criminal trials, the "gross negligence of bank directors," the perjury of witnesses, the discrimination evident in the speedy administration of justice, and the increase in drunkenness and crime, as shown in the police reports. With respect to the publishing of advertisements of obnoxious drugs the jurors say:—

"Some of these advertisements are disgustingly frank in describing the ailments they are designed to cure, and others, carefully worded to be a thin veil to cover a palpably illegal business. If, as we are assured, it is an infraction of the law to publish these, the law should be strictly enforced."

"As a kindred matter to this, we publicly express our sentiments against the reporting in the daily press the nauseating details of criminal actions in this and other countries, while some of the foreign papers extensively sold in the streets of our city are in this regard unfit to go into the homes of the people."

Those who set a high value on public purity will hope that these words will be taken well to heart by both public and press, for after all a paper prints what its readers desire, and the prurient nature of a person is very well indicated by the newspaper he takes, and the ideals of newspaper management stand revealed by the amount of space given to details of sordid cases.

JAMAICA.

Help the Sufferers.

WHAT THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF SAYS.

Elsewhere we give some particulars concerning the Kingston disaster, contributed specially to the Canadian War Cry, and below we append some extracts from a letter written by Mr. Bramwell Booth, the Chief of the Staff, to the Salvationists of the British Field. His words are applicable to the Canadian comrades:—

"Our officers were providentially preserved; but, I fear, many of our soldiers must have perished. Details are not yet to hand, our officers having most probably been far more concerned about assisting others and coping with their immediate needs than cabling us particulars."

"One thing is quite clear: The Army has sustained a serious loss and check to its progress in the Island's capital. Our halls and offices and Social agencies are all down. The officers' belongings and other property are either destroyed or burnt. Without home or hall, and without the ordinary sources of income, they must have been driven into extremely trying circumstances. This sudden and extraordinary trial called for immediate and extraordinary help; and, relying on the sympathy and co-operation of the officers and soldiers throughout Great Britain and Ireland, I cabled £100 to meet the immediate claims of Colonel Lindsay, his Staff Officers, and such poor as would be sure to fly to the Army in their distress. I followed this up by issuing a warrant to draw upon us to the extent of £500. For the devastation was found to be wider and severer than first reported. Commander Eva Booth, New York; Commissioner Coombs, Toronto; and Commissioner Killby, Chicago, telegraphed their sympathy, promising aid in this hour of suffering.

"William Tait, who lives at the corner of Christie St. and St. Clair Ave., a conductor on the Toronto Railway, died while being taken to the General Hospital shortly after noon to-day, as a result of being struck by a street car.

BROTHER TAIT, OF TORONTO, MEETS WITH A FATAL ACCIDENT.

We learn with profound regret that Brother William Tait, of Yorkville corps, has been killed while on duty. The following newspaper cutting gives the facts connected with this sad event:—

"William Tait, who lives at the corner of Christie St. and St. Clair Ave., a conductor on the Toronto Railway, died while being taken to the General Hospital shortly after noon to-day, as a result of being struck by a street car.

"Tait was a conductor on an Avenue Road car, and had left his car at the corner of College and Yonge Streets to buy tickets from a conductor on a Yonge car. When going behind the Yonge car a Dupont car struck him and dragged him under the fender. He was rolled over and over, but did not go under the wheels.

"The car was stopped and the injured man taken into Bond's drug store, where Drs. Barrett and Aikens attended him. An ambulance took him to the General, but when they arrived there life was extinct.

"Deceased ran out of the Yorkville barns. He was about 25 years old, married, and leaves a wife and one child."

We understand that Sister Tait is in deep distress, and we ask the prayers of our readers that God may uphold and support her in this sad hour of trial.

In our next issue we shall publish a life-sketch and an account of the funeral.

WE ALL INFLUENCE OTHERS.

The Cadets who have been working at Parliament St. corps for the last few months farewelled last Sunday. In the afternoon they gave a musical meeting, and did excellently. Every one gave a farewell speech at night and the Lieutenant had a special message for them, which she delivered in a very eloquent and able manner. She based her remarks on the Saviour's words, "Behold, I send you as sheep in the midst of wolves."

One man gave a testimony during the day that it was owing to the influence of the Cadets that he had given up drinking and started to serve God. Many others have cause also to be thankful for the godly life and earnest labors of these young officers. Our prayers follow them.

W. BRAMWELL BOOTH."

Our own Commissioner says: "There are many who will read the tale of devastation and sorrow contained on another page—nay, who may have already read it in the daily papers—whose hearts have been wrung and whose sympathies have been stirred by the distressing accounts of the appalling calamity that has befallen our West Indian comrades, who may not have the opportunity of assisting in connection with the special collections that will be taken in our halls. May I appeal to all such through the columns of the War Cry to join us in our efforts to mitigate the sufferings of those who cry aloud for our assistance."

NOTE.—All donations for this object should be sent to T. B. Coombs, the Temple, James and Albert Streets, Toronto, marked "Jamaican Relief Fund." Please mention this appeal.

The General's Commissioner and Mrs. Movements.

AT SHEFFIELD EMPIRE PALACE.

The General's Impressions.

The General's Campaign in the great city of Sheffield shaped itself on the same magnificent lines as the Campaign with which the General opened 1907 at the Congress Hall.

The crowds have been immense; the enthusiasm tremendous; the public and civic welcomes sincere and hearty; the soul-saving results glorious.

But of all the remarkable features of this Campaign, the labors of the General have been the most astonishing. His personality more magnetic than ever; his eloquence vigorous, dramatic, and winsome; his vitality apparently inexhaustible—he is a marvel to us all.

THE GENERAL'S IMPRESSIONS.

Writing of these remarkable meetings, the General says:—

"The last service of the Campaign was a real fight, and no mistake! The gathering of the audience was a struggle. The last man did not reluctantly leave the Empire much before five o'clock, and the place was gorged to the very verge of possibility and safety by six."

"The service that followed was a fight. Never do I remember the chorus 'You are drifting to your doom,' sung with more pointed application.

"The sermon was a fierce attack. The Spirit of the Lord came upon me—the voice of the Lord on this occasion was certainly not as a still small voice. I was carried away by an impulse that compelled me to deal out the terrors of the law, to predict the assured revelation of hidden sin, to announce the woeful consequences that must follow—together with the risk of procrastination, and the importance of immediate decision, until I hardly knew where I was.

"Perhaps, in the fierceness of the realization of the sins and danger of the vast crowd before me, I went to the uttermost of my message. I cannot tell, but I do know that the word of the Lord that night was as a fire in my bones and as a fire on my lips.

"And then the meeting that followed was a fight. The crowd appeared to be transfixed with awe for a long time. But few moved towards the door, where the crowds were still clamoring for admission, and only ones and twos volunteered for the stage. The impossibility of the gangways made fishing all but an impossibility, and for timid souls to fight their way to the stage a task more difficult still. But we fought on!

"Colonels Lawley and Whatmore fought; the officers fought; the band fought; and, with sympathy, faith, and prayer, the soldiers fought. Brigadier Powell, in the overflow meeting in the citadel, fought; and, a million times the best of all, the blessed Spirit fought, and as a result the names of 117 men and women, with two or three precious, broken-hearted children thrown in, were registered as being born again, or as backsliders reconsecrated to the service of God and the Lamb.

"Some of these were natives of the city, while others had traveled many miles not only to learn about the Salvation of God, but to find it to the joy of their souls. May they like it, fight for it—and meet the General in the Morning, when all the fighting will be over.

"Ten thousand hallelujahs to the King of kings!"

Coombs in the East.

A VISIT TO HALIFAX AND ST. JOHN, N.B.

The Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia Presides at the Commissioner's Meeting—A Record-Breaking Visit.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

St. John, N.B., Feb. 5.

Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs received a splendid reception to the East. At Halifax four great meetings were held in the Academy of Music, which was packed in every part, and the number at the mercy seat totalled forty.

The Hon. Duncan C. Fraser, Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia, presided over Sunday afternoon's meeting, which was a most successful one. He was supported by Premier Murray and the Deputy-Mayor.

From all points of view the visit to Halifax was a record-breaker.

A magnificent audience assembled at the Opera House, St. John, N.B., on Monday night to witness the Commissioner's illustrated service, "From Bethlehem to Calvary." As the powerful pictures were flashed before the gaze of the assembled crowd persons were weeping in all parts of the building. The service was a most powerful one, and no doubt brought the scenes of Calvary before the minds of the people in a way that will have a lasting effect.

The Commissioner and party are well.

LIEUT-COLONEL PUGMIRE.

SALVATION ARMY LIFE ASSURANCE

A Good Year and a Splendid Position.

The Managing Director of the Salvation Army Life Assurance Society is to be congratulated upon the very gratifying and steady progress which the Society is making. In his yearly report, just issued, he says:—

"The Premium Income for the year amounted to £206,712 6s. 10d. as against £178,074 18s. 3d. for 1906, showing an increase of £28,637 8s. 7d. This is over £6,000 more than the highest record reached in the past. The Premium Income of the Industrial Branch amounted to £156,608 18s. 7d., and that of the Ordinary Branch to £50,103 8s. 3d. The Industrial Branch increase was £20,443 15s. 8d., and the Ordinary Branch increase £8,193 12s. 11d. At

the end of the financial year there were in the Industrial Branch 429,842 Policies in force, representing sums assured to the amount of £4,113,755; and in the Ordinary Branch 17,565 Policies in force, representing sums assured to the extent of £867,357."

This splendid position has been attained by the Society after only twelve years' work, and in the face of severe and persistent competition.

NEW MATERNITY HOME

At Christchurch, New Zealand.

The former Home being pronounced unsuitable by the doctor it was decided to dispose of the property and make arrangements for the erection of a new building. The work was accomplished in nine weeks, and the new Home is a large and commodious two-storey house, the main building being 70 by 59 feet, built of wood throughout, on solid concrete foundations.

The main entrance hall is 7 x 12ft., and a corridor runs through the house on to the back verandah. The hall has a couple of ornamental arches, two sets of pillars, and an artistic cornice running round the ceiling. The two front rooms on the ground floor are each 14½ x 12ft., the one on

LEADING EVENTS.

MRS. BOOTH AT BRISTOL.

Stirring Address and a Sympathetic Audience.

Mrs. Booth recently addressed crowded meetings in the Highbury and Redland Park Congregational Churches at Bristol.

By the aid of facts, figures, and stories many branches of the Women's Social Work were vividly presented, and an encouraging account of progress at the Ashley Road Rescue Home was given.

It was mentioned that the accommodation of the Home is at present overtaxed. During the year 103 cases have passed through Brigadier Goldsmith's hands, many of them coming to us under the most pathetic circumstances. Seventeen of the number were mothers and infants.

Speaking of the influence of the Slum Officers in changing the homes they were constantly visiting, Mrs. Booth said she wanted to offer prizes for the cleanest room in the worst street in the districts where our Slum Officers are working.

COMMISSIONER BOOTH-TUCKER.

Striking Evidences of Regard for the Army.

From a recent cable from Colonel Jang Singh (Hammond) we learn that Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Tucker's visit to Trivandrum called forth many warm expressions of regard for the Army on the part of the residents.

A Brahmin gentleman placed a mansion at the disposal of the party, and also gave seventeen acres of land for the purpose of industrial institutions.

While in South India Mrs. Commissioner Booth-Tucker dedicated the Obstetric Ward of the Nagercoil Hospital.

EMIGRATION IN 1907.

Rush of Emigrants for First Sailing.

As already announced, an Atlantic liner has been chartered to make a succession of voyages under the Army flag in the spring and early summer of this year.

The first sailing will be on Feb. 28th, when the S.S. Southwark, the sister ship of the Kensington, will sail for Quebec with over a thousand passengers on board.

Already there is a brisk demand for passages on that steamer from all parts of the country.

Berths have been booked by people living in London, Maidstone, Cowes, Darwen, Portsmouth, Swindon, Exeter, Sittingbourne, Southsea, Frazerburgh, and many other towns and cities.

In addition to the Southwark, a conducted party of Army emigrates will leave Liverpool for Canada on Feb. 13th, sailing per S.S. Lake Champlain.

CUPS OF BLESSING.

Adjt. and Mrs. Sims and some comrades from Kingston paid a visit to Odessa recently. The Adjutant's talk on the "Seven Cups of Blessing" was much enjoyed by all, and greatly stirred the hearts of the people.

We are not a very numerous force here, but our soldiers are blood-and-fire. With God's help we are striving daily to uplift Christ and bring the best to Him.—Capt. Davis.

God greatly blessed our souls on Sunday at Simcoe. Bro. Clark, from Pennsylvania, was with us, and he spoke with power in all the meetings.

Ensign Clark preached in the evening on the "Unpardonable Sin."

The audience was under deep conviction, and a hard fight was waged. We finally rejoiced over two souls in the fountain.—Shamas.

The Week-End's Despatches.

A Great Work is Being Done in Canada.

READ THESE REPORTS AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.

DAUPHIN'S DOINGS.

(By Wire.)

A cinematograph service was held in the Town Hall on Monday evening. The operator, Envoy Hodges, knows his business. There was a good crowd and one soul surrendered on Thursday evening. Capt. Willey, of Saskatoon, was with us for Sunday. The junior meetings well attended.—Corps Correspondent.

LIEUT-COLONEL SHARP AT SIMCOE.

A Splendid Week-End.

(By Wire.)

The visit of Lieut.-Colonel Sharp and Staff to Simcoe was a splendid success.

The program given by the band on Saturday night was enjoyed by all.

Sunday was a day of days. The meetings were most enthusiastic, with excellent crowds and twenty-four seekers. The Colonel's addresses were full of power and took the crowd by storm.

On Monday night Bro. Bonny and Sister Irwin were united in the bonds of holy matrimony. Building gorged, Finances good.—Ensign Clark.

LIEUT-COLONEL GASKIN AT THE TEMPLE.

Gives Address on Christian Evidences.

The General Secretary conducted the Central Holiness meeting on Thursday, Jan. 31st. Cadet-Sergt. Russell, Cand. Simpson, and Capt. Duncan were called upon to testify, which they did briefly, and Adj't. Gillam then sang a solo.

The Lieut.-Colonel's address was upon the evidences of Christ's Divinity. He referred to the stubborn unbelief of Thomas, and compared him with many to-day who will not believe though they have the most striking proofs.

The character of Thomas was described as melancholy, gloomy, reserved and pessimistic. He always looked on the dark side of things.

Many to-day are obstinate unbelievers as to the possibility of holiness. As long as they will not believe they cannot receive, for every blessing that comes to us is accepted by faith, and there is no other way.

One sister went forward to claim the blessing by faith at the end of the service.

TWO YEARS IN THE KLONDIKE.

Our soldiers at Galt have been fighting with la grippe, but whilst it has attacked their bodies, God has kept the fire burning in their hearts. Last Thursday a nice crowd gathered to hear Capt. Andrew tell her experience of two years in the Klondike. On Sunday afternoon five comrades were enrolled under the Yellow, Red, and Blue, and at night the service was conducted by the Rev. T. Egerton. On Monday evening we had a musical blizzard. Staff-Captain McLean was present and commissioned ten bandsmen and the Color-Sergeant. God is helping us wonderfully in our visitation and with our children's work. During the past few weeks fourteen children have given their hearts to God.—Capt. Pease.

FROM OUR NEWEST CORPS.

Good progress is being made at Vancouver II., and six souls have been won since the opening of the corps.—Quaife and Adams.

THE MAYOR APPRECIATES THE ARMY.

Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin's Lectures at Peterboro.

At Peterboro, on Thursday, January 24th, an appreciative audience listened to Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin's lecture, "Queen Fish and How They are Caught." The Mayor of the city, who presided over the meeting, in introducing the Colonel, expressed his admiration for the Army and its work, and his willingness to do all in his power, in his official capacity, to further the efforts put forth by the local corps. The band turned up in good form to meet the Colonel and escort him to the hall, and played some very fine selections, which contributed greatly to the success of the meeting. The Mayor, in a few concluding remarks thanked the Colonel for the lecture and the band for the music. He referred to the approaching visit of our General to this country, and wished he could do something to help arrange for him to come to Peterboro. It was with much regret that we learned from the Colonel that this would be impossible. A vote of thanks was accorded the Mayor for his presence with us, and the meeting was closed, leaving us satisfied with what we had heard, and looking forward eagerly to the Colonel's speedy return.—A. M. L.

LESSONS FROM RAILROAD WORK.

At Barrie on Sunday, Jan. 20th, the memorial service of Sister Mrs. McDougall was conducted by Adj't. Hoddinott.

The platform railing was draped with white for the service, and twelve juniors dressed in white occupied the centre of the platform and sang appropriate songs.

The meeting throughout was very impressive, and we rejoiced over five souls at the mercy seat.

On Tuesday night we had a good turnout to the soldiers' and ex-soldiers' tea.

On Thursday the meeting was led by the Corps-Cadets.

Saturday night's meeting was a railroad meeting, and was led by six brothers who worked on the railroad. They explained their difficult work and drew spiritual lessons from it. Suitable railroad songs were sung during the meeting, and it proved very interesting.—C.-C. Lily Horne.

ADJT. WILLIAMS AT KINGSTON.

We have had a glorious week-end at Kingston. Adj't. Williams and Adj't. Sims visited the penitentiary in the afternoon, and much conviction was noticed on the faces of the prisoners. The officers wished they had the chance of some personal dealing with them.

The barracks was packed at night and the Spirit of God was felt to be amongst us, which made us certain that souls were going to surrender to God.

The first to respond to the invitation were a young couple. Altogether seven came forward for Salvation, and three juniors also knelt at the mercy seat for restoration.

We concluded with a hallelujah wind-up, and the soldiers gave a hearty invitation to Adj't. Williams to come again.—Harry Parker.

SIX KNEE-DRILLERS.

We had six out to knee-drill at Colwood on Jan. 27th, and God blessed us all day.

A powerful meeting was held at night, and much conviction was on the people. Three souls surrendered to God.

The soldiers turned out well to the open-air, and the attendance was good at our inside meetings.—Capts. McAmmond and Nicholson.

THE BURDEN OF SOULS.

Six Seek the Saviour.

Sunday was a blessed day at St. John's III. God came very near at knee-drill and many comrades spoke about the Salvation of certain people being laid upon their hearts. One soul sought pardon in the morning meeting.

We were pleased to have Lieut.-Colonel Rees and his daughter with us in the afternoon, also Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Morris. Miss Rees sang a solo entitled "Lean on His arm," which the people were delighted with.

The Colonel then commissioned over fifty locals.

Capt. Jones led the meeting at night, and before its close we had the joy of seeing five souls kneel and claim God's forgiveness.—L. Bridgen.

CORPS OF MANY ACTIVITIES.

A Repentant Wife.

Staff-Captain McLean and Ensign Clark, of Simcoe, were with us on Friday night at Brantford, and we had a very interesting meeting.

Music and song were much in evidence, and about forty local officers were commissioned.

The League of Mercy sisters have been very busy of late.

One sister who sought Salvation last Sunday was persuaded to return to her husband, and the means supplied for her to do so.

An application was also received for the Army to conduct a child's funeral four miles out in the country.

The jail meeting was led by Brother Neale and resulted in one prisoner seeking Salvation.

Adj't. Bloss led splendid meetings all day on Sunday. The juniors are also going ahead, and the Young Soldier Brigade is making good headway.—W. H. Godden.

A MEAN MAN EXPOSED.

A good number of souls have been saved since our last report from Belleville. Amongst the number were five men and their wives. Some are taking their stand in the Army. The barracks was well filled on Sunday night, and extra seats had to be brought in.

Ensign Coy had announced during the week that he would expose the meanest man in town.

He first of all instanced several cases of men whom the world would consider mean, and then brought home the question "Will a man rob God?" The meanest man of all was the man who would rob God by refusing to serve Him.

LIPPINCOTT BAND AT THE TEMPLE.

On Sunday Lippincott St. and the Temple Bands exchanged corps for the afternoon and night meetings.

The comrades from Lippincott are a hard-working lot, and pitched in for all they were worth, with the result that at night we rejoiced over eleven souls for the day. Things are moving round here, and despite the cold weather crowds are good, and this week's total is thirty-six for the Kingdom of God.—Corps Cor.

WELL OFFICERED.

On Sunday, Jan. 20th, we had a Staff-Captain, an Adjutant, five Captains, and one Lieutenant to lead us on at Halifax II.

Our band is getting on well, and now appears on the platform. We are hoping for some more players.

The campaign is being taken hold of well, and the soldiers have nearly all signed their pledge cards.

On Jan. 27th Adj't. Thompson led the meetings, and six souls surrendered to God.—Miller.

MUCH INTEREST MANIFESTED.

Good meetings were held in Sherbrooke this week, and much interest was manifested notwithstanding the cold weather. The new string band was to the front all day. Two souls sought Salvation and one sanctification.—Corps Cor.

A WEDDING AT STRATFORD.

Progress of the Salvation Army.

The barracks at Stratford was crowded on Monday, Jan. 21st, to witness the wedding of Sister Phoebe Brooks to Bro. Wm. Burden. The ceremony was performed by Staff-Capt. Hay, of London.

Before the important event the Staff-Captain spoke briefly on the work and progress of the Salvation Army, especially in this city, and the band rendered a musical selection. Capt. Hoare, of Ridgeway, spoke a few words, and Bro. MacGregor, sang one of his favorite songs, entitled "Going Home," which was received with much pleasure as was also a selection from the Stratford Male Quartette. The service was particularly interesting, for our comrades are much loved and respected by all. Bros. Deakin and Neff spoke on behalf of the men, while Sister Cable, Mrs. Stratford (J. S. S.M.), and Mrs. Hay voiced the good wishes of the women. The bride was attended by Sister Rosie Cable and the bridegroom by Bro. James Deakin. Both are good soldiers in the Army, and we pray that God will abundantly bless them in their future life.—E. C.

THEIR FACES BEAMED.

Large crowds still continue to attend the meetings at Prince Albert, and there is a deep and growing interest.

We have the sympathy and confidence of the townspeople, and many souls are being saved.

The soldiers are keeping true and enjoying a deep experience of God's indwelling and keeping power. Both platform and hall were well filled on Sunday night, and five souls came to the cross. Soldiers and officers alike rejoiced, and Adj't. Scott and Lieut. Mirey's faces beamed as one after another the people came to the mercy seat.—J. H. Wilson.

RELATED THRILLING EXPERIENCES.

Capt. Matier was at Bothwell for the week-end, and on Friday night conducted a lantern service.

The meetings on Saturday and Sunday were full of interest.

On Wednesday Lieut.-Colonel Sharp and Staff-Capt. Hay were with us. The crowd was not so large as usual, owing to the cold weather, but they did their utmost to bless those who came.

The Colonel related a thrilling experience he had had whilst in Newfoundland, and Staff-Capt. Hay favored us with music and song.

At the close we rejoiced over one soul seeking Salvation.—Lieut. Harris.

CONVERTS FILL THE GAP.

We are having victory in London-derry, although fighting against big odds.

No less than twelve of our comrades are kept away from the meetings by sickness, but the converts are more than filling the gap.

Everybody is working as well as praying, and God is saving the sinners.—War Correspondent.

CROWDS INCREASING.

We are glad to report one soul at Bell Island. Our Sunday crowds have increased, as the men are returning to work after the Christmas holidays.

We had a commissioning of locals yesterday. Bro. Henry Pottle is now Drum Sergeant; Bro. Rich. Bugden, Junior Sergeant; Bro. John Anthony, Orderly Sergeant. Secretary Blackmore and Sergt.-Major Wilcox were re-commissioned. Capt. French means business here, and we are in to help him.—T. M. W.

TAKING TURNS.

We had a soldiers' and ex-soldiers' tea at Chatham, N.B., on Wednesday night. A nice crowd was present, and we had a blessed time.

Our cottage meetings are proving times of refreshing and are very successful.

A series of special meetings under the direction of the sisters one week and the brothers the next, have been commenced.—W. Craig.

NEWFOUNDLAND REVIVAL NOTES

The series of holiness meetings conducted by Lieut.-Colonel Rees, Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Morris and the city officers, during the Winter Campaign, in the city of St. John's, are proving to be seasons of special blessing.

Reports of revivals have reached Provincial Headquarters from several places, including Pilley's Island, where nineteen were saved in two weeks. Heart's Delight has also been signally blessed, and Twillingate and St. John's city are all on fire. At No. I. on the occasion of the visit of the Chancellor, the penitent form was filled. St. John's II. is also moving, while No. III. is quite alive to its opportunities, seven souls seeking God last Sunday night.—Correspondent.

A CALL TO BACKSLIDERS.

Brigadier and Mrs. Hargrave conducted some week-end meetings at Cornwall. One soul sought sanctification on Sunday morning.

At night Mrs. Hargrave spoke with power and two souls knelt at the mercy seat.

A service of song was held on Monday evening, entitled "Sowing the Wind, and Reaping the Whirlwind."

It was very impressive, and especially adapted for backsliders. Three returned to God at the close of the service.

PRODIGALS COMING HOME.

God has been working among the backsliders at Tweed, and eleven have returned to the fold.

Quite a number have been volunteers, and some made their decision before leaving home for the meeting. They came to the penitent form the moment the invitation was given.

On Tuesday night eight more souls knelt at the penitent form.—Erastus.

ONE BY ONE.

We are having blessed times at Greenspond. Capt. Sainsbury and Lieut. Rose are in command. Splendid meetings were held on Sunday, and in the afternoon one comrade was enrolled.

One sinner came to the mercy seat at night.—J. W. C. R.

STORMBOUND.

We are having good times at Mussel Harbor Arm. Last week we were visited by Adj't. Hiscock. Owing to bad weather his stay here was lengthened, and on Thursday night we enjoyed hearing his experience.

Four comrades were then enrolled.—Lieut. White.

EXEMPLARY ATTENDANCE.

God is wonderfully blessing us at the Temple this week, and on Monday night six souls sought pardon.

A benefit concert was given by the juniors on Saturday night, and prizes were distributed to those deserving them. Over fifty gained a first prize, the majority of whom had not missed a single attendance.

The Drunkards' Brigade was at work also on Saturday, and succeeded in capturing four drunks. The Brigade is under the direction of Capt. Smith.

On Sunday we rejoiced over fourteen souls, which makes a total of twenty-eight for the week.

FAREWELL OF COMRADES.

Brother and Sister Campbell have lately farewelled from Portage la Prairie. Our brother has held a number of prominent positions in the corps being at one time Sergeant-Major. He was also a Band Sergeant, and was in charge of the jail work. We will miss him very much.

A farewell tea was arranged by the officers and soldiers, and quite a number spoke of the blessing and help our comrades had been to them.

PRAYING FOR THE FAMILY.

A backslider returned to God at Aurora on Saturday night.

On Sunday a junior gave God her heart, and we are praying that her whole family shall soon be saved.—J. N. R.

Jeremiah, the Weeping Prophet: A Study.

By C. B. S.

AMONG the heroes of faith and self-sacrifice, few are more conspicuous on the dark background of a backslidden age than Jeremiah—known amongst his own nation as the Weeping Prophet.

Yet this man's personality seems to make these very virtues stand out in bolder relief, as if to witness what God can do with, and make of, the weakest and most unlikely human characters when completely surrendered to Him in unquestioning obedience.

Called as a child to a supremely Divine mission, almost the first trait noticeable in him is that of timidity, shyness, a shrinking back in dismay from the task imposed, that amounted to positive fear.

Although of priestly pedigree, and therefore blessed with higher advantages of education, and opportunities for study than the common people of his day, the idea of a public ministry does not seem to have been fostered in his young heart as his most likely vocation.

Jeremiah's Sensitiveness.

He had no consciousness whatever that he possessed any personal power or ability, and when God called him to be a leader of men, to be in the forerank of His messengers, Jeremiah's extreme sensitiveness almost suggests weakness of character, as he instinctively recoils from the thought, and exclaims pitifully: "I cannot speak—I am a child!"

How little did he know or imagine that with his natural withdrawing from pain, suffering, exposure, ridicule, criticism, failure, and reserves, God was going to demonstrate the power that changes weakness into strength, that overcomes physical disabilities in the triumphant shewing of that might which actually glories in reducing to nought things that are, and choosing weak things to confound the mighty. Let us not forget His great and solemn

purpose in so doing in order "That he that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord."

We are not surprised either to find that Jeremiah was a man totally innocent of the spirit of vindictiveness.

Had he been naturally of a spiteful character God could not have chosen him to be the messenger of reproof and judgment.

Ill-fitting would it have been were his hearers able to detect in him any lurking suspicion of gloating delight as he proclaimed the warning knell of doom and destruction in their unwilling ears.

Striving to Bless.

God saw in him a man with quickened sensibilities to pain and sorrow. A man whose very nature was infused and running over with melting compassion. One who whilst faithful to the last, ceased not to intreat with weeping eyes. A sympathetic man, patient and long-suffering. Sparing not to repeat the message o'er and o'er with insistence. Pleading not only with, but for the people. Making their sins and sorrows his own in intercessory ministry, so that even when his message was spurned and disobeyed, and chance to escape the doom of the sinful people was offered him from high authority, he utterly refused to leave his people in their punishment, but shared their lot and misery, striving still to bless, cheer, and encourage them, at the expense of his own comfort and safety.

Such was Jeremiah, God's warrior and standard-bearer, in the darkest page of His people's history.

Oh, how men of his stamp are needed to-day! Men to love, pity, sympathize, and plead, whilst they unsheathe the Sword of the Spirit, declaring the whole counsel of God.

How the Lord backed him, fitted him, endued him, touched him, commissioned him, and the nature of his mission, etc., we must reserve for another week.

G. B. M. NOTES.

Western Province.

Capt. Matier has recently been appointed T. F. S. for the Western Province, and on his first tour has met with good success. Briefly, the report of what is going on amongst our box-holders is as follows:

At Windsor a number of new box-holders were secured, and in the meeting seven souls came to Christ.

At Essex the box-holder, Miss Daunni, did very well, and expects to do better yet.

Some new box-holders were secured at Bothwell, and the service (Ben Hur) was very much enjoyed.

The agent at Dresden, Miss Kelly, is doing her best to bring up the receipts from the boxes.

At Sarnia the largest income from the lantern service that the Captain has yet received was realized. Bro. Gowans is the Agent here, and he is doing his best to increase the amount in the boxes for the next quarter.

Faversham is a large Circle Corps, commanded by Captain Harbor and Lieut. Bouru, who cover a large country every week. They report one soul last week. They have some good soldiers of long and faithful repute. The D. O. visited them a short time ago with the Divisional Scribe.

Midland corps is in a flourishing condition. Four sinners seeking mercy are reported last week, and the attendances, both senior and junior, are good. Capt. Crocker and Lieut. Cornelius are pushing the Winter Campaign, and the soldiers are with them.

"Popular Saturday Nights."

How Lisgar Street Corps Revived the Saturday Night Meetings.

AN EXAMPLE OTHERS MIGHT FOLLOW.

Saturday night meetings at Lisgar St., Toronto, as in some other places, had waned in interest, so Capt. McFetrick set himself to work to increase the popularity of the meetings, and this is how he did it:

He invited all his bandsmen to cooperate with him, announced that the meetings on Saturday nights would henceforth take a new form. They would have music, lots of it, with a bright, interesting Gospel address, and a few good songs. Coffee and cake would also play an important part in the proceedings, and be distributed at the close of the meeting.

The bandsmen caught on to the scheme, the soldiers were interested, and a new era began for the corps.

The barracks now presents an animated scene on Saturday nights. Instead of about two dozen people, there is now an attendance of about 200, and everything is bright, cheerful and lively. People are interested, and, therefore, they want to come; it is a delight for most of them to be there.

At a meeting attended by a War Cry representative there was a special trio of musicians engaged for the evening. With the aid of the band they kept things going lively for about an hour and a half. The Captain held the reins of the meeting throughout, and by his skilful handling of matters absolutely forced everyone present to thoroughly enjoy themselves. There was no drag, no hitch, and no gloom about the thing, and the popularity of the service was evidenced by the interested and enthusiastic crowd present. It was a noteworthy fact that the majority of the audience were young men and women. The collection, too, was very gratifying. Without any difficulty whatever the sum of ten dollars was raised. The people seemed glad to give to a prosperous and growing cause, and several dollar bills and fifty cent pieces were noticed on the plate.

The spiritual results of the meetings are also good, as far as we can judge.

The meetings vary in character every Saturday night, and new features are introduced each week.

We hope many other corps in the Dominion will follow suit.

Canadian Honors.

WHAT KING EDWARD VII. HAS DONE.

His Majesty the King has just conferred the Imperial Civil Service Medal, which was instituted by His Majesty for the recognition of long and meritorious service in branches other than administrative and clerical on a number of public colonial servants who, while occupying humble positions, have nevertheless rendered good service to the Empire: George Bonner, light-keeper, Nova Scotia; George Currie, light-keeper, Ontario; Narcisse Cusson, letter-carrier, Montreal; Robert Francis, coxswain, Harbor Master's Department, St. Helena; Joseph Roy, messenger, Quebec; William Stephen Short, letter-carrier, London, Ont.; Dorile Tremblay, light-keeper, Quebec.

Mother Had to Bury Baby.

AN INCIDENT IN THE NORTHWEST.

While her husband was out in a terrible blizzard in the Northwest, Mrs. Hiram Wood had the heart-breaking duty to bury her infant alone. Mr. Wood and the hired man went to round up cattle when the storm broke. For four days they wandered about, the wife distracted over their absence. Then her infant, aged eight months, grew ill and died, and the mother had to dig a grave and put the little body in the earth alone.

ONE BACKSLIDER RETURNS.

We had good meetings on Sunday at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., in spite of the cold weather.

One man who had lost his experience gave his heart to God once more.—Margaret Murray.

The Pool-Room Vampire and Its Money-Mad Victims.

A WELCOME EXPOSURE OF THE GAMBLING EVIL.

AMOST interesting article recently appeared in the Cosmopolitan Magazine under the above title, dealing with the gambling craze that has seized so many people of today, and exposing the fraudulent system by which human vampires feed and fatten on their credulous victims.

This criminal traffic has infested nearly every good-sized town in the country, and the "game" is in the hands of a few crooks, who pass off as respectable men.

Owing to the barriers which they have built up around themselves and their vile dens, the authorities have always found it difficult to suppress gambling which takes place at pool-rooms and race tracks, and it has become a canker on our national life, affecting to a greater or lesser degree nearly every house in the land.

Every good wife or mother, every honorable and clean-minded man should do their utmost to protect the nation from this terrible evil, and save its sons and daughters from being caught in the meshes of the "gambling spiders" who make a business of feeding on human credulity and cupidity.

The writer of the article first gives his own impressions about the matter, after he had investigated it fully, and says as follows:—

Trail of the Vampire.

"In striking the trail of the race track and pool-room vampires, for the first time I began to see the wisdom embodied in the rigorous laws against betting on horse-racing that are found in most States in this country. I begin to see why the law makes of the bookmaker a criminal; why it makes places where pools on races are sold common gambling houses, and why it stigmatizes the race track owner and his crowd of 'sure thing' gamblers, crooks, touts, and criminal riff-raff as a menace to the public weal."

The first thing, he says, which arrested his attention on starting investigations was a word of four letters—D-O-P-E. This word is as puzzling as the word "graft," and has a very elastic significance. In the racing sense dope means the benumbing influence that the race-gambling passion has on the brain of its victims. It utterly perverts their common sense, and in spite of the fact that the advertisements informing you that for a dollar you can purchase a tip on a "sure thing," are frauds on their faces, they continue to blindly venture their money on them. The effects of "dope" are similar to the effects of narcotics, and put the gullible victims who swallow them into a state of dreamy expectancy that they are going to win large sums of money. Thus there are dope "ads," dope newspapers, and "dopesters," or men who sell fraudulent information concerning the races.

Pathetic Dreamers.

In "Dopeland," as the writer calls the imaginary country in which these people live, are to be found all sorts of men and women, and he gives one glimpse of the sad procession that winds its way through the intricacies of alluring promises and blasted hopes.

"Types? Turn to your right, turn to your left, look in front of you, look behind you. One eye-sweep will bring before you so many wrecks that you will wonder why, in a country of boasted morality and Puritanical ideals, the machinery for the hashing of human beings into unrecognizable wrecks is allowed to grind every day in the year except Sunday. Do you know why the sheriff's sign is on the door of your erstwhile prosperous grocer? Do you know why the clerk who formerly waited on you is no longer at his counter in the bank or counting-room? Do you know why your trusted employee stole your money? Do you know why the woman whom you knew as a good wife and a good mother has gone to join the saddest of all sad throngs? Do you know why your family physician lost a lucrative practice? Do you know why your brilliant young

lawyer friend allowed his clients to fall away from him? If not, I will tell you—Dope. They have gone to join that army of pathetic dreamers whose minds saturated with a poison more potent than alcohol, more depraving than the poppy, more subtle than cocaine, have ceased to work as they did before Dope polluted them.

Gone to Hell."

"Before I began to wander in Dopeland I asked a friend what had become of a man for whom we both cherished a genuine affection. 'Gone to hell,' he said ironically. 'He took to playing the Ponies.' Not once, but many

a well-informed and conservative racing man, and we sat down with paper and pencil to estimate the toll the travelers in Dopeland pay annually to the backers of the Racing Trust. Taking the New York figures for a basis of calculation, the first item touched on was one of not less than \$13,650,000 a year profit to the actual owners of race-tracks from the operations of the tracks. This probably equals the aggregate value of all the racing plants in the country, or a profit of one hundred per cent. a year. Five per cent. investments do not appeal to the gentlemen of the Racing Trust.

Big Millions.

"The total attendance during 1905 at all the American race tracks approximated six million. These figures represent comparatively accurate statistics. From this point the leap into the big millions was sudden. To estimate the aggregate amount of money bet at American race-tracks last year is to guess; but my racing friend placed the figure at \$110,000,000. He calculated the gross profit to the

would use the city police force to prevent gambling at the historic Washington Park Race Track on the day of the great American Derby, and during the other days of the meet. The public was skeptical, and seventy thousand persons witnessed the race that Highball won, expecting that the Mayor's threat would prove a "four-flush." It did not. Derby day was Saturday. On Monday, with as good racing, the attendance was one thousand. On Tuesday it was three hundred. On Wednesday the managers announced the track closed.

"Does this indicate that travelers in Dopeland follow the 'sport of kings,' or that they follow the dictates of a base passion?"

Insect Eats Lead.

CURIOUS LITTLE CREATURE AT WORK IN CHICAGO STOCK YARDS.

Electric engineers and fire underwriters interested in the Union Stock Yards, at Chicago, have become alarmed over the advent of insects swarming certain sections of the packing plants, and insisting on feeding upon the lead pipe insulation of electric wires. These brown, hairy little wrigglers, each five-eighths of an inch long, are moving through the hoof storage houses at the yards, gnawing irregular patches of lead, often cutting through the cloth and rubber insulation and short-circuiting the electric current.

Holes an inch long and half an inch wide have been cut through one-tenth inch thickness of lead pipe.

"The lead pipe cinch" bug is the facetious designation given to the creature.

Facts About the Empire.

IS OVER ONE HUNDRED TIMES THE SIZE OF THE MOTHER COUNTRY.

Many striking facts regarding Great Britain's immense Empire beyond the seas are contained in a Blue Book just issued.

The British Empire, excluding the British Isles, comprises 11,153,000 square miles—100 times the size of the Motherland. The population of this portion of our vast Empire is nearly 350,000,000. How these peoples are distributed is shown in the following table:—

India (British and Feudatory)	300,000,000
Rest of the Empire (excluding British Isles)	50,000,000

Excluding India, the Empire averages four persons to the square mile. Not pinched for room yet.

Australia has one person to the square mile; Canada has one and three-quarters.

The total trade of the Empire amounts to over eight billion dollars.

Canada's acreage under wheat has grown from just over 2,000,000 acres in 1891 to nearly 5,000,000 in 1905, while her production has grown from 57,000,000 bushels in 1891 to over 106,000,000 bushels in 1905.

Good Advice Taken.

WHERE HE HAD GOT TO.

Adjt. Hurst, of London, was, before his conversion, a drunkard, because of which he lost, or gave up, situation after situation, until at length, heartily ashamed of himself, he left home and came to London, but could not get work. What little money he had saved soon went, and he was stranded.

Then a singular thing happened. Walking along the Strand one evening, an old man, not so respectably dressed as William Hurst, stopped him and asked for the price of a night's lodgings.

"My dear sir," he replied, "if you wanted to sell me a five pound note for a penny I couldn't oblige you."

The old man eyed him incredulously for a moment, and then replied, "It's that's where you've got to you had better go to the Salvation Army before you get worse off!"

He went, was given relief for his temporary requirements, and soon after, as a result of the meetings at one of the Social institutions, found peace to his troubled soul.



An Unexpected Police Raid on a Notorious New York Pool-Room.

times, did I have this explanation offered me before I began to grasp, even vaguely, the meaning that lies in that phrase, 'He took to playing the Ponies.' What is the fascination? What are the intricacies of the machine that works such woes? Who is responsible for its existence? What are the agencies for its demolition? These are the things that I started out to learn in Dopeland."

Racing Profit and Loss.

In order to convey an adequate idea of the magnitude of professional horse-racing some figures are quoted. These deal only with the United States.

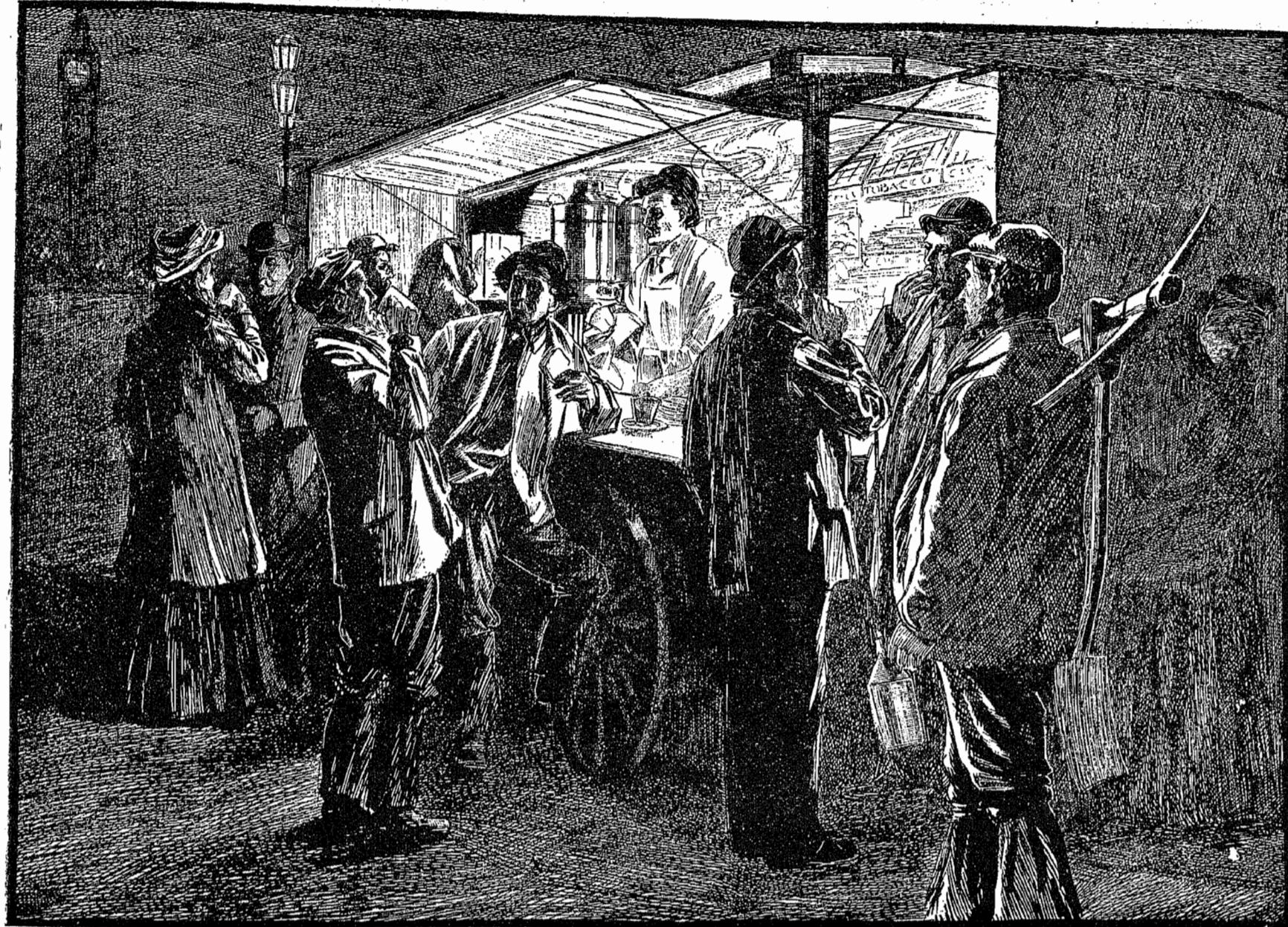
"I find in the 'American Racing Manual' for 1905 that there was a total of 1,307 racing days on all the tracks in the country. According to the same authority, the amount of money paid out to owners of horses by race-track owners the same year was \$5,801,567. The total number of races run was 8,011. These are the only exact figures obtainable on the racing game, for the race-track gamblers, like all other gamblers, learn first of all to declare that they are losing money, or, if not exactly losing money, not making any. That is the first lesson taught the beginner in gambling. But I sought out

bookmakers, who ply their trade at the tracks, at \$15,500,000. In the pool-rooms and handbooks he estimated that fully as much more was handled, and that the gross profit to the bookies would run at least \$5,000,000 more than the profit from the money handled at the tracks, for the pool-room and handbook men have a habit of 'shaving' the odds so as to make the profit on a given amount of play larger. From all that I have seen and heard I am inclined to believe that these figures are under, rather than over, the actual amounts of money handled and profits made. Of course the net profit of the bookies is less than this sum, for there is protection to be looked after, service to be paid for, and other items of expense.

Then the corporations that enable the public to gamble, and without whose services there could be no Dopeland beyond the confines of a race track are to a great degree responsible for this state of things. A striking incident is quoted, showing what the result is when city authorities insist upon the observance of law, and what the central motive is amongst those who attend race-meetings.

"In June, 1904, Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of Chicago, announced that he

Sketches of London Life. No. 5.



The Coffee-Stall Breakfast is a Boon to the Early Workman—and His Good Wife as Well. She Can Sleep a Few Hours Longer.

THE NIGHT COFFEE STALLS OF LONDON.

IN London, where the hours of labor, in one form or another, go all round the clock, and where the British workman either leaves his toil or goes to the same at all hours of the night, it will be readily understood that the coffee-stall performs a very useful part. For the last hundred years or more it has been an institution, and modern conditions of labor combine to make it even more so.

It is estimated that no fewer than 5,000 stalls take up that position in the principal thoroughfares when the city clocks strike the hour of midnight.

There is a police regulation which prohibits them from appearing earlier for fear of impeding the traffic. One coffee-stall keeper gave us another reason. He said there was no use in coming out before twelve, as there were not many people who would drink coffee while the public-houses were open and they could get beer.

Whether this preference for alcoholic drinks was owing to the bibulous propensities of the British public, or the bad coffee, was not quite clear.

A Picturesque Scene.

In some respects the coffee-stall is a cheerful sight in the "wee sma' oors beyond the twal." The shining copper urns, the glowing flames, the luminous lamps, and the appetizing display of boiled ham, hard-boiled eggs, and toothsome confectionery makes a pleasing picture.

The business of the night coffee-stall

is mainly confined to two periods—from half-past twelve to half-past two, and from half-past three to seven.

People who leave their work after midnight arrive at their suburban homes at too late an hour for the good wife to remain up with a supper for the wage-earner. To such it is convenient to have a little repast at the coffee-stall.

Those whose duties bring them citywards by the trains leaving the suburban stations at half-past three and later, have to leave their bed at altogether too unearthly an hour for the rest of the household to get up and prepare breakfast. To such, a fragrant cup of coffee and a ham sandwich, or a hard-boiled egg, which can be got at the coffee stall, is a boon to housewife as well as husband.

But not all those who have refreshment at the coffee-stall during the first period mentioned belong to the deserving class of late workers.

In Bad Odor.

The night coffee-stall has been justly brought into disrepute by the worthless characters that frequent it in the early morning hours, for at most coffee-stalls from half-past twelve till two there is to be found a group of intoxicated youths and abandoned women. The youths treat each other, and the women as well, to numerous cups of coffee, and one does not wonder at their white cheeks and stunted physiques when remembering the quantities of arsenical beer and poor coffee that they guzzle so freely.

But amongst the silly youths and

vicious women there is to be found a third class. It is the evil consorts of the women. These are not above rifling the pockets of the youths, with the aid of their female confederates, or by resorting, if need be, to extreme forms of hooliganism in order to get valuables or money from the maudlin men.

To such an extent are the coffee-stalls made the haunts of abandoned or drunken characters during the first few hours after midnight, that the matter has been brought before Parliament with a view to prohibiting the opening of coffee stalls before 4 a.m.

It is true that a proportion of late workers, and the carters who bring the supplies of flowers, fruit and vegetables of the Covent Garden Market, find the coffee-stall a great convenience at these hours; but enquiries go to show that were it not for the worthless characters already mentioned the coffee-stall keeper would have very little inducement to cater for the late workers, and would, without the aid of Parliament, confine his efforts to supplying the needs of those who go to work at very early hours. In view of this it would, perhaps, be a good thing if the coffee-stalls were confined to the morning. At any rate, we think that the police might deal in the same manner with those who hang about them as they would by loiterers generally—move them on.

The coffee-stall breakfast of the British working man usually consists of a hard-boiled egg (hard-boiled for convenience in eating), a chunk of

bread, and a cup of tea or coffee, the whole working out to about threepence. He can, if he desires, vary this with a ham sandwich or some confectionery, but at most stalls there the variety ends.

Money in Coffee-Stalls.

When it is borne in mind that no fewer than four hundred workmen's trains leave suburban stations at any time from 4 a.m. to 8 a.m., and that each train carries from six hundred to a thousand persons, it will be readily understood that a good pitch near a suburban railway station is a valuable property. As a matter of fact some of these stands have changed hands for no less than a hundred pounds.

That there is money in coffee-stalls is also evidenced by the number of persons who have literally risen from the gutter to greater things.

A communicative coffee-stall keeper in the Borough recently complained of the falling-off in business of late years, but still was candid enough to admit that he was making a tidy thing out of his stall. There was a time, he said, when he came to his pitch at six in the evening, and between that time and midnight would take a sovereign. From midnight to seven o'clock he would take, say, from thirty shillings to forty shillings. Thus his nightly turnover would average about £3. But now, owing to the fact that he could not start business before midnight, his takings would not average more than £1 per night. He included tobacco and cigarettes in his sales.

PROMOTED TO GLORY.

DIED UNDER THE FLAG.

Sister Mrs. Duncan, of New Glasgow,
N.S.

We regret to have to chronicle the death of sister Mrs. Duncan, who passed away on Friday, Dec. 21st, after much suffering. It could be said of her that she died at her post, like a warrior, beneath the blood-and-fire flag which hung over her as she lay dying.

Converted at Hamilton, Scotland, at the age of thirteen, she regularly traveled to the meetings from Motherwell, a distance of two miles, for upwards of ten years.

Her conversion was very definite, and she immediately donned the Army uniform and marched on to do her Master's will in spite of many sneers.

She devoted the major part of her time to the junior work, and was

for ten weeks. She was patient in all her suffering, and when Mrs. Adj't. Heddinott called to see her she said that she was prepared to meet her Saviour. She expressed a desire to have an Army funeral some days before her death.

She was promoted to Glory on Sunday, 13th January, and her last words were, "All is well, I am going home."

On the following Tuesday we gave her a real Army funeral, and although it was a very cold day, yet there was a splendid turnout of soldiers and friends. After a short service at the house the soldiers marched over a mile to the barracks, where a very impressive service was held and suitable singing was rendered by songsters. Sister Mrs. Dart, who had been her constant companion, spoke very feelingly of her Christian character and soldier spirit. Although our comrade had only been in this country three years, yet her pure devoted life has made a marked impression upon those she came in contact with.

I am sure our readers will pray for the bereaved husband, who loses a loving wife, and the three little children who have lost a loving mother. She has just gone on a little before, and we shall meet again in the morning.—C.C. Lily Horne.

STEPHEN BRADBURY, OF
VANCOUVER.

We regret to report the death of Stephen Bradbury, who was accidentally shot near Port Simpson. He was taken to the hospital at Port Simpson, where all that could be done for him was done, but in a few days he passed away. He was one of our "boys" and attended the meetings regularly and loved the Army, but did not profess Salvation. Adj't. Blackburn, speaking to him just prior to his death, received the reply that he was not afraid to die. From this we hope that he had made his peace with God. He was but twenty-six years of age, an only son of a widowed mother. Needless to say she is heart-broken. His last request that he should be buried by the Army was complied with. The body was shipped to Vancouver, thence to New Westminster, and buried in Sapperton Cemetery. The funeral was conducted by Brigadier Smeeton, assisted by Adj'ts. Hayes and Bloss. May God strengthen and comfort the aged and sorrowing mother until she meets her son in heaven.—H. N. M. N.



Mrs. James Duncan, New Glasgow.
Band of Love Leader for about three years at Airdrie, Scotland.

She emigrated to Canada over three years ago, with her husband, and they attached themselves to the New Glasgow corps, where she proved herself a willing worker among the children.

The writer was a constant visitor while our comrade lay sick in the hospital, also at her house, and as one talked about the war in "Bonnie Scotland" her countenance beamed with joy as she related the many victories God helped her to win.

Our P. O., Brigadier Turner, visited her on his first visit to New Glasgow, and as he sang to her, her voice could be heard praising God. The Brigadier left a donation with the S.M. to get some flowers for the sick room, which she appreciated, and remarked that she would rather have the flowers strewn along her path while she was living.

Our officers, Ensign and Mrs. Piercy and Capt. Reaves, also Capt. McKim (Stellarton), visited our comrade frequently. They always came away from the sick chamber very much refreshed. She died a conqueror through the blood.

Our comrade leaves behind her a sorrowing husband and two "wee lambs," also her father and mother, who have our deepest sympathy and prayers. A special feature of the service at the house was the dedication of her little son, George Davis Duncan, who was given to God and the Army over the casket. (This was the wish of our glorified comrade.)

We laid her to rest in Riverside Cemetery with the sure and certain hope of meeting her "in the morning." —George Smith, W. O. O.

SISTER MRS. McDougall, OF
BARRIE.

"All is Well, I am Going Home."

During the past week we have been called to part with our comrade, Sister Mrs. McDougall. She was stricken with typhoid fever on the 1st of November, and was taken to the Royal Victoria Hospital, where she remained

5770. BARWICK, ALBERT WM. Age 43, height 6ft. 1in., dark hair and eyes, dark complexion. Last known address, Montreal.

5769. MULLHOLLAND, WM. Single, age 24, height 5ft. 7in., dark hair, grey eyes, fair complexion. Scotman. Last heard of in Vancouver, B.C. News wanted.

5766. TAYLOR, MRS. GEORGE. Age 29, height 5ft. 6in., dark complexion. Husband an electrician. Last heard of five years ago in North Sydney. May be in Montreal.

5763. DYER, W. T. Age 40, height 5ft. 6in., rather thin and fair. Came to Canada in July, 1906. Wife anxious for news.

5768. SMITH, JOHN. Left P. E. I. twenty-seven years ago. Last heard of in Mexico twenty years ago. Was a driver on a locomotive. Height 5ft. 8in., dark complexion, blue eyes, age about 47. Brother Alex. enquires.

5530. MILLS, HARRY ALFRED. Age 38, height 5ft. 7in., dark brown hair, brown eyes. Missing eleven months. Last known address, Ridgeville Camp, Man. News wanted.

(Second Insertion.)

5760. WHITING, AGNES ANNIE. Came to Canada as a child ten years ago, age 20, fair hair and complexion, brown eyes. May be in domestic service. News wanted.

5709. STEVENSON, RANDAL. If this should meet the eye of Randal Stevenson, formerly of Durham City, England, will he please communicate with the above office?

5756. HOLMES, JAMES. Age 26, height 6ft., light brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, Scotch. Last heard of eight months ago, was then about ten miles from Vancouver, B.C.

5735. PATRICK, BOGAN. Age 19 years, fair complexion. Last heard of in Gramby, B.C., five years ago. News wanted by his sister.

5753. BALKIVILL, JOHN. Age 30, height 6 ft., fair complexion. Last known address, Swan River, Man. Brother enquires.

5749. HAWKSWORTH, GEORGE. Came out from England five months ago. Last heard of in Tecumseh, four months ago. May have gone to Detroit.

5720. CALLAN, JOHN D. Age 32, height 5ft. 2in., black hair, dark eyes, pale complexion, Scotch, tailor by trade. Last known address, 138 Or-goods St., Ottawa.

5717. RUSSELL, MRS. JAMES (nee Francis Armstrong). Came to Canada in 1870. Married twice. First married name, Hiscock; second Russell. News wanted.

5718. BOMBERG, ABRAM. Age 47, medium height, dark hair and eyes, rosy complexion. Was heard of nine years ago at Montreal. Wife enquires.

5719. JAGGER, THOMAS HENRY. He was last heard of in Toronto. May have removed to St. Ville.

MISSING

To Parents, Relations and Friends

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; friend, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address Commissioner Thos. Coombs, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" in the envelope. One dollar should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case a reproduction of a photo is desired to be inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of two dollars is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Offices, sellers, and friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(First Insertion.)

5780. ELLIOTT, ROBERT W. B. Age 29. Left England for British Columbia in April, 1899. Last heard of in Dutton, Ont. Supposed to have taken up farming.

5755. PAYTON, FLORENCE or ANNIE. May be going by the name of Mrs. W. C. Fowler. Age 30, height 5ft.; dark hair. Missing eleven years. Last known address, Peterboro. Was then employed at the Electric Works. May be in Toronto.

5782. BOWEN, ARTHUR GORDON. Age 22, dark complexion, height 5ft. 10in. Last known address Blue Lake Saw Mills, California. News wanted.

5779. QUINLAN JAS. and C. Were farmers. Last heard of in 1901 at Derby Sound. May have returned to the States. News wanted.

5786. TROTMAN WM. Age 32, height 5ft. 4in., dark hair, blue eyes, pale complexion. Last known address Fernie, B.C.

5785. REES, EDWARD HUMPHREY. Age 31, height 5ft. 4in., dark hair and complexion. Is a Welshman. Last known address, Winnipeg.

5764. BRIGGS, FRANK. Age 38, height 5ft. 11in., hair turning grey, blue eyes, fair complexion. Came to Canada in March, 1906. Supposed to have gone to Sheffield, Ont. News wanted.

WANTED!—STENOGRAPHERS.

There are a few vacancies at Headquarters, Toronto, for young people who are qualified Shorthand and Typists; also for improvers who have not become thoroughly competent. Young people of either sex, children of officers or soldiers, are at liberty to apply. Write to the Chief Secretary, 20 Albert St., Toronto.

CAST-OFF CLOTHING FOR MEN.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire will be glad to receive cast-off clothing for men, in good repair, especially overcoats. Please address to Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, Free Labor Bureau, Salvation Temple, Albert St., Toronto. Express paid.

A VOLUNTARY TESTIMONIAL

IS THE INVARIABLE SEQUENCE
TO FILLING AN ORDER FOR

"OUR OWN MAKE" INSTRUMENTS,

AND IN THIS RESPECT
OUR CUSTOMERS WRITE OUR ADVERTISEMENTS.

These splendid Instruments, unsurpassed in quality and volume of tone, and finished with finest workmanship, are making a striking reputation among our best bands in Great Britain and the Colonies. Among those who testify to their superior qualities in Canada are the following Bands:

**The Temple, Winnipeg I., Brantford, Vancouver, Peterboro,
Lisgar Street, Glace Bay, Brandon, Montreal I., London, etc.**

The Prices for "Our Own Make" in CLASS A are as follows:

	Brass.	Silver Plated.
Cornets—The Bandmaster's—Nothing Better Made	\$75 00	
Cornets—Class A—in Case	\$40 00	50 00
Flugel Horns	37 50	50 00
Tenors—Solo Model	50 00	67 50
Tenors	40 00	57 50
Baritones	55 00	82 50
Euphoniums	75 00	110 00
	25 00	37 50
Trombones	to	to
	35 00	47 50
Bass—E♭	85 00	137 50
Bass—Medium	105 00	170 00
Bass—Monstre	125 00	205 00

CLASS B, "Our Own Make," are durable, general purpose instruments, and will give good service, and are much cheaper. Prices on application.

Apart from the above we can supply a line—not "Our Own Make"—that has given good satisfaction to many of our customers. Prices run as follows:

Cornets	\$25.00 and \$30.00	Trombones	\$15.00 to \$20.00	Euphoniums	\$27.00
Altos and Tenors ..	\$18.00 to \$20.00	Baritones	\$25.00	B♭ Bass	\$36.00
		E♭ Bass	\$42.00		

Any Band contemplating purchasing, whether Army or not, will do well to consult us, as we can give such the benefit of our experience, and as good rates as can be gotten elsewhere.

WE HAVE JUST FILLED A TWELVE HUNDRED DOLLAR ORDER

of "Our Own Make" for Brandon, Man. Ensign Taylor sends us the following unsolicited testimonial: "Our instruments arrived in good shape, and we are more than delighted with them."

"The Canadian Music Trades Journal" for November last has the following to say concerning "Our Own Make":

"SALVATION ARMY INSTRUMENTS.—It is not generally known in Canada that all the band instruments used by the Salvation Army are manufactured in the Army's own factories at Campfield Works, St. Albans, a suburb of London, England, where nearly a hundred men are constantly employed in the production of high-class brass and military instruments and drums. For use in Canada the instruments are imported by the officers at the Territorial Headquarters in Toronto. A representative of "The Canadian Music Trades Journal" was shown a new bandmaster's cornet made by the Army. This is a handsome, silver-plated instrument, tastefully engraved, and fitted with the best of appurtenances. Of the Salvation Army cornets, Wm. Short, L.R.A.M., the Principal Trumpet of His Majesty the King's Band, says that they are equal to any he has ever blown. The Temple corps at Toronto has one of the best bands in the city, using instruments and wearing uniforms from the Army's own factories."

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS WRITE

The Trade Secretary, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ontario.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

THE GENERAL'S VISIT TO CANADA.

THE PRESENT ARRANGEMENTS ARE THAT THE GENERAL
WILL VISIT AND CONDUCT MEETINGS AS FOLLOWS:

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 9th.

Soldiers' and Ex-Soldiers' Meeting at 7 p.m., in Bond Street Congregational Church.

TORONTO, SUNDAY, MARCH 10th.

Massey Hall. The General will preach at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
LECTURE at 2.45 p.m., subject: "The Secret of the Success
of the Salvation Army."

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 16th.

Soldiers' and Ex-Soldiers' Meeting, S. A. Citadel, corner Cathcart
and University Streets, at 7 p.m.

MONTREAL, SUNDAY, MARCH 17th.

His Majesty's Theatre, Guy Street, at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. The
General will preach. Lecture, 2.45 p.m., subject: "The
Secret of the Success of the Salvation Army."

NOTE.—Young children with or without parents will not be admitted.

PLEASE NOTE.—The Salvation Army has arranged Cheap Rates with the various railway Companies throughout Canada for persons attending General's Booth's Meetings at Toronto, March 9th to 16th, inclusive. Tickets sold at "one way" First Class Fare and an additional 25 cents. Holders of Standard Certificates, which must be secured when purchasing the above Tickets from Agents, will be returned free. Standard Certificates must be presented to Brigadier Howell, Transportation Department, for signature as soon as possible after the passenger arrives at Toronto, the additional 25 cents is payable when presenting Certificate for signature.

OTTAWA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20th.

The General will lecture at 8 p.m., subject: "The Secret of the Success of the Salvation Army."

WINNIPEG, SATURDAY, MARCH 23rd.

Soldiers' and Ex-Soldiers' Meeting, S. A. Citadel, at 7 p.m.

WINNIPEG, SUNDAY, MARCH 24th.

New Opera House. The General will preach at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. At 2.45 the General will LECTURE, subject: "The
Secret of the Success of the Salvation Army."

VANCOUVER, THURSDAY, MARCH 28.

The General will lecture at 8 p.m.

VANCOUVER, GOOD FRIDAY, MARCH 29.

The General will preach at 2.45 and 7 p.m.

Salvation.

Tunes.—Oh, Wash Me Now (N.B.B. 12); Rocked in the Cradle (N.B.B. 14).

1 Behol' Me standing at the door,
And hear Me pleading evermore,
With gentle voice: Oh, heart of sin,
May I come in? May I come in?

I bore the cruel thorns for thee,
I waited long and patiently;
Say, weary heart, oppress with sin;
May I come in? May I come in?

I would not plead with thee in vain;
Remember all my grief and pain!
I died to ransom thee from sin;
May I come in? May I come in?

I bring thee joy from heaven above,
I bring thee pardon, peace, and love;
Say, weary heart, oppress with sin,
May I come in? May I come in?

Tune.—Sinner, See Yon Light.

2 Sinner, see yon light
Shining clear and bright,
From the cross of Calvary,
Where the Saviour died,
And from His side
Flowed the blood that sets us free.

Chorus.

Come away;
To the cross for refuge flee.

In the gloomy shade
When He knelt and prayed,
Oh, what painful agony!
As His brow was wet,
With bloody sweat,
When in dark Gethsemane.

See the Saviour stands
With His wounded hands,
And He calls aloud to thee,
"I for thee life gave,
Thy soul to save,
Now, thy heart, oh, give to Me!"

Songs for All Meetings.

Commissioner and

Mrs. Coombs

will visit

ORILLIA, Thurs., Feb. 14.—"From Bethlehem to Calvary" in the Opera House, at 8 p.m.

WOODSTOCK, Ont., Sat., Feb. 16.—"From Bethlehem to Calvary," in the Opera House, 8 p.m.

LONDON, Ont., Sun., Feb. 17.—11 a.m. Holiness, in the Citadel. 8 p.m. Great meeting in the Opera House.

7 p.m. "From Bethlehem to Calvary," in the Opera House.

BRANTFORD, Ont., Thurs., Feb. 21.—"From Bethlehem to Calvary," in the Armories, 8 p.m.

LIEUT.-COL. AND MRS. GASKIN
Will visit Hamilton I., Sat. and Sun., Feb. 16, 17.

YIELDED AFTER BENEDICTION.

We had good times at Dovercourt on Sunday.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Miller were present in the afternoon, and a red-hot testimony meeting was held. The band rendered excellent service.

A monster open-air was held at night and some thrilling testimonies were given. The hall was crowded and a beautiful meeting was held. Addresses were given by several comrades. Deep conviction was on the people, but it was not until the benediction had been pronounced that any move was made towards the penitent form. Then one dear sister took a definite stand for Christ, and afterwards gave a good testimony as to a knowledge of sins forgiven.

Experience.

Tune.—The Old Oaken Bucket.

3 How dear to my heart is the story
of Calvary,
Of Jesus, my Saviour, who suffered
and died;
He came that from sin He might pardon
and free me,
And my guilty past 'neath the blood
current hide.

Chorus.

The story of Calvary, so clear and distinctly
It comes to my soul as I read o'er and o'er.

One time my hard heart would not soften one part
When Jesus, my Saviour, was held up to view;
But now all is changed, I his favor have gained,
And Calvary's story's to me ever new.

And now it is sweet, since the past is forgiven,
To ponder and muse o'er His wonderful love,
To tell to the sinner the joy He has given,
And of the bright home prepared above.

Holiness.

Tune.—Oh, 'tis Coming.

4 Have you received the holy power?
"Twill fit you for the fight,
"Twill make of you a mighty host
To put your foes to flight.

Oh, 'tis coming!

Have you received the holy power?
"Twill fall from heaven on you;
From Jesus' throne this very hour
"Twill make you brave and true.

Oh, now receive this holy fire,
"Twill burn away all dross,
All earthly, selfish, vain desire,
"Twill make you love the cross!

Tune.—There, There, With All My Care (M.S. Vol. XVI., 74).

5 Under the burdens of guilt and care
Many a spirit is grieving,
Who in the joy of the Lord might share,
Life everlasting receiving.

Chorus.

Life, life, eternal life,
Jesus alone is the Giver!
Life, life, abundant life,
Glory to Jesus for ever.

Leaving the mountain the streamlet grows,

Flooding the vale with a river;
So, from the hill of the cross there flows
Life more abundant for ever.

Oh, for the showers on the thirsty land!

Oh, for a mighty revival!
Oh, for a sanctified, fearless band
Ready to hail its arrival!

CENTRAL HOLINESS CAMPAIGN AT THE TEMPLE.

Brigadier Bond, Thurs., Feb. 14.

Brigadier Southall, Thurs., Feb. 21.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, Thurs., Feb.

20.